

DUPLICITY

COMEDY

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS HOLCROFT. *K*

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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DEPARTMENT

GOVERNMENT

THE SECRETARY

GOVERNMENT



BRITISH MUSEUM

THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

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1845

TO
THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

THIS
COMEDY

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A PUBLIC ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE
ADVANTAGES IT RECEIVED,

FROM HIS GREAT ATTENTION AND TASTE,

AS A

CRITIC,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

TO
THOMAS HARRIS Esq

MEMORANDUM

IN THE MATTER OF

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE



AND THE

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE

LAND REVENUE

THOMAS HARRIS Esq

P R E F A C E.

SINCE it is the fate of dramatic works to undergo a much more severe scrutiny than any other of the efforts of the mind; authors, in this predicament, are justifiable in taking every opportunity of speaking in their own behalf, and the egotism should be, and is, by the candid, readily forgiven them. The applauses bestowed upon **DUPPLICITY**, in the Theatre, have equalled my fondest hopes; and self-love itself cannot accuse the auditors of ingratitude, or want of penetration. But though there are scenes happy enough to have given universal satisfaction, there are others that have been called vulgarities, damned stuff, and by other concise and summary epithets, which men accustomed to decide without deigning to reason, have invented and appropriated to their own proper use. I do not mean to affirm there is no truth in these remarks: I am, perhaps, the person least qualified of any to pronounce, with safety, on the merits or demerits of the work. Fathers, who are the most free from prejudice, cannot see
a those

those defects in their offspring, which are obvious to others. In the rapidity of composition, blemishes are suffered to escape, through a laudable attention to things of greater importance; and, like an ugly face, presently become too familiar to be disgusting. It is, for this reason, dangerous to commit any thing to paper, which the judgment, at the first perception, condemns. A work of any consequence is read and reconsidered so repeatedly, that the ideas at last lose both novelty and force, and the writer is disgusted to find those things, which, when first conceived, gave him so much pleasure, become vapid, and assume the appearance of common place. For these reasons, I say, it would be arrogant in me to speak decidedly; I can only alledge what were my original motives for writing as I have done.

The English Comic Drama has long been renowned for humour; and when, about fourteen years ago, the French *Comédie Larmoyante*, or, as we call it, Sentimental Comedy, was introduced, the complaint was, that we had lost all the spirit of our old writers, and were dwindled into mere translators. The town was in this temper when Dr. Goldsmith's Comedy of *SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER* was produced, in which, humour, alone, seems to be the chief intention of the Author, and which gave a fatal blow to mere sentimental dialogue. The success of this

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piece

piece roused later writers from the soft slumbers of the heart, and wit and humour became commodities in great request. The road to fame, though difficult, was obvious; and it would have been unpardonable for a young traveller, at his first out-set, so far to have mistaken, as not to have attempted it. The difficulties and dangers have increased, however, in a vast proportion. I need only mention the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; and every discerning critic will immediately recollect how, and why.

In the Comedy of *DUPPLICITY*, the 'squire and his sister are characters that, in their own nature, cannot admit of delicate strokes; and, if I have erred, it is not, I believe, so much in the colouring, as in the choice of my subject. An Author in his first attempt, is seldom impressed with that awe for the Public which is requisite, but ventures many things, that, perhaps, have their excellencies in reading, but that appear rude, abrupt, or indelicate, when pronounced before a large assembly. Were the humour of Smollet, which never fails to excite laughter in the closet, spoken upon the stage, it would frequently excite universal disgust. Characters of broad humour are become peculiarly hazardous, because they are become far less frequent. A sense of propriety spreads in proportion as people read, and reading is an infallible consequence of riches. This produces

duces delicate sensations in those who have acquired such a strict sense of propriety, and they are offended when they see things represented on the stage which, they suppose, do not exist in real life; though there are a thousand living characters, a thousand incidents at which, if exhibited, an audience would revolt, merely on the score of improbability.

Whatever the execution may have been, the intention of this Comedy is of a far nobler nature than the mere incitement of risibility: the vice it pretends to correct is become truly enormous; and I would rather have the merit of driving one man from the gaming-table, than of making a whole theatre merry.

I have, likewise, been accused by some of imitation, and want of originality. It is said, I have stolen an incident from one piece, and a character from another, and that it is evidently the play of a player. This last remark, I believe, would never have been made, had I not been known to be a player. The accusations, which have the greatest appearance of truth, are, that *LE DISSIPATEUR* of Monsieur Destouches, and the Tragedy of *THE GAMESTER*, have furnished the great outlines of the plot. To these I answer, that, were it so, I would make no scruple of avowing it, because I should not think myself degraded by the avowal; but I declare the plot was finished, and almost the comedy, before

before I ever read *LE DISSIPATEUR* : and if I have pillaged the *GAMESTER*, it was from latent ideas, of which I am unconscious; for I have neither read, nor seen the *GAMESTER* for many years. A parallel circumstance to that of Sir Harry losing his sister's fortune, is found, I am told, in the *GAMESTER* ; but this incident was added to *DUPPLICITY* since it was first written, by the advice of a friend, to give a strength to the denouement. But there is a story told in the life of Beau Nash, which, had these critics known, would have immediately pointed out the place whence, they might have sworn, without the least suspicion of perjury, I had stolen my plot; and yet, had they sworn, they would have been perjured, for I never read that story till I had written my Play, and then, I confess, I was amazed at the similitude.

However, I repeat, had I taken my plot from any play or story, I should have made no scruple to confess it, because I think it no disgrace. The first of all poets invented none of his plots; I shall never be the second, and yet I affirm I did invent mine; that is, as far as I myself am conscious. The elegant Bishop Hurd, in his discourse on Poetical Imitation, has the following remark, among many others, which is applicable to the present occasion: " The objects of imitation, " like the materials of human knowledge, " are a common stock which experience
" fur-

“furnishes to all men; and it is in the operations of the mind upon them that the glory of poetry, as of science, consists. Here the genius of the poet hath room to shew itself, and from hence, alone, is the praise of originality to be ascertained.”

The Comedy is now committed to the impartial judgment of the true critic; and I have only to wish, it may receive as favourable a sentence from him, as it has already experienced from the voice of an indulgent Public.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. NICHOLSON, and spoken by Mr.
LEE-LEWES.

RASH was the wight, who first, in hollow'd tree,
Daring, resolv'd to tempt the treach'rous sea!
Hungry the wretch, who, forth from shelly cloister,
First drew and swallowed down—a living oyster!
But far more rash and daring is THAT wight,
Who, in this polish'd age, attempts to write:
Long may his hunger last, who pines for fame,
Who seeks that hard-earn'd morsel, call'd—A NAME!
A morsel clos'd within a scaly guard
Of critic shells, obdurate, rough, and hard!

Well fare the bard, whose fortitude, sedate,
Stands, unappall'd, before impending fate;
When cat-call-pipers, groaners, whistlers, grinders,
Assembled, sit to judge of SCRIBBLING SINNERS!
What mortal mind can keep its terrors under
When gods sit arm'd, with awful—wooden thunder?
What heart, so brave, can check its palpitation,
Before the grave dispensers of damnation:
Or who, in danger of such mighty evil,
Would not turn Indian, and adore the devil? [Bows.

Various have been the stratagems and wiles,
Display'd in prologues, to obtain your smiles.
Some make the stage an inn; and hope to bribe,
With curious feast, the turtle-eating tribe:
Make vain attempts, in metaphor, to treat,
But metaphor is unsubstantial meat.
So bold harpooners, if their oars should fail,
Toss out an empty tub, to amuse the whale.

Others, more mean, implore, in whining style,
That tender pity may your hearts beguile;
Bespeak applause, by way of deprecation,
And think that fame is charity's donation.
So dastard curs provoke the mastiff's bite,
Then fawn and cringe to shun th' unequal fight.

Our author hopes, by honest means, to gain
Plaudits which merit never ask'd in vain:
Should such blest claim be his, he need not fear,
He knows your candour;—Party dwells not here!
Patient to your decision he'll submit,
Nor wish to bribe the arbiters of wit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Osborne, Sir Harry Portland, Sir Hornet Armstrong, 'Squire Turnbull, Mr. Vandervelt, Timid, Scrip, Servants,	Mr. HENDERSON. Mr. LEWIS. Mr. WILSON. Mr. LEE-LEWES. Mr. WEWITZER. Mr. EDWIN. Mr. STEVENS. Mr. J. WILSON. Mr. NEWTON. Mr. JOULES.
Clara, Miss Turnbull, Melissa, Mrs. Trip,	Miss YOUNGE. Mrs. WILSON. Mrs. INCHBALD. Mrs. PRIT.

DUPLICITY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sir HARRY PORTLAND's House.

Enter CLARA and MELISSA.

Clara. **W**ELL, my dear Melissa, you will be a happy woman!

Melissa. I have no doubt of it. The attention which Mr. Osborne has shewn me, was not that of a man eager to gain the affection of his mistress by humouring her caprices, praising her beauty, and flattering her follies. He is obliging and well-bred, but sincere; yet his disapprobation is delivered with a delicacy that makes it more agreeable than some people's compliments.

Clara. If time, instead of mellowing the strokes, should wear away this smooth varnish, and discover a harsh outline, should you not be offended at the severity of his manner, think you?

B

Melissa.

Melissa. Believe me, dear Clara, there is no danger; for if there be one man on earth more capable of making a woman happy than another it is Mr. Osborne.

Clara. It would be heresy in you, my dear, to hold any other opinion; and I have no doubt but you will continue orthodox after marriage.

Melissa. Yes—I shall certainly die in that faith.

Clara. Your brother, Sir Harry, I believe, is of your religion too.

Melissa. Entirely—The friendship of Mr. Osborne and my brother is as sincere as the commencement of it was remarkable—Have you ever heard their story?

Clara. Never. You know my acquaintance with your family is but just begun; but, I hope, you will not think them words of course when I assure you that, short as it is, I feel myself interested in its happiness.

Melissa. Oh! I am sure you are sincere—I know it by sympathy—Well then, I'll tell you—Harry and Osborne happened to be both abroad at the same time. As my brother was going to Italy, and passing through the mountainous part of Savoy, he came to a hollow way, among the rocks, surrounded by trees and caverns. All on a sudden, at a turning in the road, he beheld Osborne, and his servants, attacked by six banditti, and ready to sink under their wounds.

Clara. Was Sir Harry alone? (*alarmed.*)

Melissa. He had his governor, two servants, and the postillion—My brother instantly leaped from his carriage, snatched up his sword and pistols, and flew to the place of action.

Clara. I declare you terrify me!

Melissa. He was not seen by the combatants, and took care to advance so near, before he fired,

fired, that he could not fail to do execution—He laid two of the banditti dead; and their companions, who had discharged their fire-arms, and beheld Sir Harry's people running to the attack and levelling their pieces, fled.

Clara. Thank you for that, my dear—you have given me breath.

Melissa. The intrepidity with which Sir Harry saw Osborne defend himself, and the fortitude he discovered when he was informed, as it was at first believed, that his wounds were mortal, attached my brother so powerfully to him, that he resolved not to leave him in the hands of strangers, but anxiously waited while he was under cure.

Clara. This was a noble generosity!

Melissa. It was; and Osborne was so sensible of it that, though he was going the other way, he would return with Sir Harry into Italy; and their friendship has continued ever since.

Clara. But is it not strange, my dear, that he cannot detach his friend, Sir Harry, from the GAMING-TABLE?

Melissa. My brother is infatuated—It is his greatest, almost his only weakness.

Clara. But the report is, that Mr. Osborne takes advantage of this weakness; that, while he publicly satirizes the practice, he privately benefits by his superior address; and, in fact, has half ruined Sir Harry HIMSELF.

Melissa. The report of malice, my dear.

Enter Sir HARRY PORTLAND *and*
Mr. OSBORNE.

Sir Harry. Ladies, your obedient—Pray when did you arrive in town, Madam? *(To Clara.)*

4 D U P L I C I T Y :

Clara. Yesterday---But how came you to quit Bath so suddenly, Gentlemen? I understood you intended to stay another week, and you were gone before me.

Sir Harry. Mr. Osborne, Madam, was *horriblement ennuyé*--dull as an alderman at church, or a fat lap-dog after dinner---thinking on marriage, Melissa, and other momentous matters; and so---

Osborne. Come, come, Sir Harry, this is mighty ingenious; but you were, at least, as willing to be gone as myself---The truth, Madam, is, my MODEST friend, here, heard you were to set off in a day or two; and, from that moment, was continually giving hints, and asking me how I, as a lover, could exist so long without a sight of my mistress; and, in short, began, all at once, to talk so sympathetically about absence and ages, that I, who had made the excursion purely to oblige him, was, I acknowledge, exceedingly happy to find I could oblige him by returning.

Clara. What say you to this, Sir Harry?---But, I know your politeness---you will confess it all to be true, and begin to say civil things upon the subject, that will only put me to the trouble of blushing and curtsying; so we'll suppose them all if you please---But come, tell me---what's the news of the day?

Melissa. News! Oh, that's true---Look here, my dear!---I thought I had something to tell you---(*reads a paragraph in a newspaper*)---“ We
“ hear, from very good authority, that a hymeneal
“ treaty is concluded between a certain beauti-
“ ful ward, not a mile from St. James's Square,
“ and her old guardian; and that the lady is
“ expected in town from Bath, every hour, to
“ sign and seal.”

Sir

Sir Harry. What say you to this, Madam?

Clara. Say! I protest I don't know what to say!---except that these NEWSMAKERS are a very pleasant, ingenious kind of people.

Melissa. But a'n't you angry?

Clara. Angry! no indeed. I am sure I am very much obliged to them, for thinking of me---I shall be so stared at---I'll go into public continually, and my guardian shall go with me.

Melissa. But is there any foundation for this report, my dear?

Clara. Nay, I am sure I can't tell: there may be, for aught I know---I have suspected the matter a great while, you must know, by my guardian's simpering and squeezing my hand so often---then, he is continually talking about METHUSELAH, and the ANTEDILUVIANS, and making systems to convince me how much stronger, and longer lived, some men are than others---He read, the other day, in the ANNUAL REGISTER, of a man, at INVERNESS, who lived to the age of one hundred and seventeen; and he has been talking, ever since, of purchasing a country seat in the HIGHLANDS.

Sir Harry. That would be pleasant.

Clara. Very---Then we should have a flock of GOATS, I suppose!

Sir Harry. DORASTUS and FAUNIA.

Clara. Oh yes---quite in the DAMON and PHILIDA way.

Osborne. You are very happy in a lover, Madam.

Clara. Exceedingly---quite proud of my conquest---There is no such great miracle in bringing a young fellow, whose passions are all afloat, to die at one's feet---The thing's so natural that one does it every day---But to thaw the icy blood
of

of a grave old gentleman, to see him fimper, figh, dance minuets, and look ridiculous for one---Oh! there is, positively, no flattery equal to it.

Sir Harry. He will make your winter evenings in the HIGHLANDS quite entertaining, with relating the wild pranks he committed, and the deeds of prowess he was guilty of in his youth ---then you will be so delighted with listening to his raptures, and tasting his panada, and-----

Clara. Oh yes---yes, yes---ha, ha---I---I think I see him now, with his venerable bald head, his shrivelled face, and his little pug nose, that looks as red and as bright as the best Dutch sealing-wax, rising from his chair, by the help of his crutch-headed stick, to breathe forth vows of love and everlasting fidelity---Ha, ha, ha.

Melissa. It's whimsical enough.

Clara. Yes---Oh, now you talk of whimsical, I was accosted by an old gentleman, the night before I left Bath, in the rooms, who was the drollest being, and had the most agreeable kind of whimsicality about him, I ever met with ---I thought he would have made love to me ---swore I was an angel, and said a thousand civil things---quite galant.

Osborne. Oh, Madam, the old men are the only polite men of this age.

Clara. Upon my word, I begin to think so.

Osborne. The young ones, taught in the modern school, hold a rude familiarity to be the first principle of good breeding.

Clara. Manners, like point ruffles, are now most fashionable when they are soiled.

Sir Harry. No, no---they only hang the easier for being deprived of starch---But who was this old gentleman, pray, Madam?

Clara. A relation of your's, Sir.

Sir Harry. Of mine, Madam?

Clara. I should suppose so, for he mentioned his nephew, Sir Harry Portland.

Melissa. Our uncle, Sir Hornet Armstrong.

Sir Harry. It is---I found a letter from him, when I came to town, in which he informed me, he should arrive in Bath the very day we left it.

Enter SERVANT.

Sir Harry. Who brought this?

Servant. It came by the post, Sir. [*Exit Servant.*

(*Sir Harry reads the letter, and seems surprized.*)

Clara. I die to be better acquainted with him---I must have him in my train of fighting swains.

Osborne. You seem astonished, Sir Harry.

Clara. Some unkind billet from his mistress, I suppose.

Sir Harry. No, indeed; it is the most unaccountable epistle I ever received, and from my unaccountable uncle too---There, read, read.

(*To Osborne.*)

Osborne.---(*Reads.*)----“ Dear Harry---You
“ know, you dog, how your old uncle loves you---
“ You will say so, when you are thoroughly ac-
“ quainted with the occasion of this---In brief---I
“ met with a young lady at Bath, the most extra-
“ ordinary, take her all together, I ever beheld---
“ She is a nonpareil! a phoenix!----But you will
“ judge for yourself---She is coming up to town
“ with her brother; who, by the bye, is a country
“ booby---but that's no matter---I saw her only
“ once, and that was in the rooms; but once is
“ sufficient---They intended coming up to Lon-
“ don, by way of seeing the town, for they are
“ country

"country people I find, though the sister has more
 "accomplishments, ease and good-breeding, than
 "I ever yet saw in the drawing-room---I proposed
 "a match to the brother, and he seemed happy at
 "the offer---They will arrive nearly as soon as
 "this, for they set out before it; and I shall fol-
 "low, maugre the gout, as fast as I can.

HORNET ARMSTRONG.

"P.S. I forgot to mention, their name is
 Turnbull."---M A V J E B

TURNBULL! why, what, in the devil's name,
 is Sir Hornet mad!

Sir Harry. In one of his right antient whims, I
 suppose---Sir Hornet has had many such in his
 time.

Melissa. But pray, who is this miraculous lady,
 Mr. Osborne? for you seem to know something
 of her.

Osborne. Do you remember, Sir Harry, a gawky
 girl, that stalked round the rooms, and stared pro-
 digiously---she that was stuck to the side of a bob-
 wig'd country 'squire?

Clara. Oh!---what the---the wench with her
 arms dangling, her chin projecting, and her
 mouth open---dressed in the---red ribband, taw-
 dry stile; and that looked as if she were afraid
 of being lost.

Sir Harry. Yes---or as if she durst not trust her-
 self alone, out of her own parish, lest somebody
 should catch her, put her in a sack, and send her
 for a present to the king of the Cannibals.

Osborne. The same---that is the accomplished
 Miss Turnbull.

Sir Harry. How!

Osborne. That is the easy, well-bred, drawing-
 room lady.

Sir Harry. Is it possible?

Clara.

Clara. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,---well---(*with an affected gravity*)---and I don't doubt but she would make a fort of a---a---a very good wife---Understands the arts of brewing, baking, pickling of pork, curing of hung beef, darning of stockings, and other branches of housewifery, in perfection.

Sir Harry. Oh, no doubt---Is perfectly skilled too in the science of feeding the pigs.

Clara. Yes---and will make her own and her husband's linen, and do all the needle-work and quilting at home---believes in ghosts, and has got the wandering Prince of Troy, the Babes in the Wood, and the entertaining dialogue of Death and the Lady, by heart.

Osborne. Such, and so numerous, are the wife-like properties of MISS BARBARA TURNBULL.

Clara. TURNBULL, too!---Well, that is such a delightful name, for a country lady---so pastoral!

Osborne. The father was one of the greatest graziers in the west of England; and was so intent on getting money, that he bred his children in the most stupid ignorance---He is lately dead, and the son has commenced gentleman and 'squire, by virtue of the father's industry, and a pack of fox-hounds; and though he has scarce knowledge enough of articulate sounds to hold a dialogue with his own geese, yet does he esteem himself a devilish shrewd fellow, and a wit---His conversation is vociferous, and patched up of proverbs, and out-of-the-way sayings, which he strings together without order or connection; and utters, upon all occasions, and in all companies, without respect to time, place, or person.

Clara. Well, well, Sir Harry, I shall have to wish you joy soon, I suppose---but I must be gone---fifty visits to make this morning---time flies

C

---but

—but agreeable company, and all that, you know—Oh, Sir Harry, you mean to attend the spring meetings this year, at Newmarket—I am told you understand the turf—I think of sending a venture of five hundred by somebody—But I shall see you often enough before then—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Clara and Melissa.*]

[*Manent Sir Harry and Osborne.*]

Sir Harry. Well, what do you think of this lady, Osborne?

Osborne. I think her a very amiable, accomplished lady; and one that, under an assumed levity, observes and understands every thing about her.

Sir Harry. I am entirely of your opinion—If I may judge from an acquaintance of such short date, she is the first woman in the world.

Osborne. Except one, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. You, Osborne, may make exceptions, if you please—I am not so captious—She has beauty without vanity, virtue without prudery, fashion without affectation, wit without malice, gaiety without coquetry, humour—

Osborne. Hold, hold—stop to breathe—How was it? Vinegar without acid, fire without heat, light without shade, motion without matter, and a likeness without a feature.

Sir Harry. “Spite—by the Gods!—proud
“spite and burning envy.”

Osborne. But did you observe her Newmarket hint, Sir Harry; and the concealed significance with which it was delivered?

Sir Harry. I did.

Osborne. Which being faithfully done into English, bears this interpretation:—“I Clara Forrester, a beautiful, elegant, sensible girl, with

with a fine fortune, should like to take you, Harry Portland, with youth, spirit, and certain et ceteras, but"—

Sir Harry. "But that I am afraid of indulging a partiality for any man, who is so intolerably addicted to gaming"---Is not that the conclusion of your speech?

Osborne. Oh fie! No, no, gaming!---That man has a body without a soul, that never felt an inclination to gaming.

Sir Harry. Perhaps so; but that man has the greatest soul, who can best resist that inclination.

Osborne. Pshaw!---Gaming is the essence of fashion, and one of your strongest recommendations---Clara is a girl of spirit, and what girl that comes under that description, would ever place her affections on a sneaking, sober, prudent fellow---a mechanical scoundrel, that knows the day of the month, sips tea, keeps a pew in the parish church, writes memorandums, and goes to bed at eleven o'clock---Poh! absurd!

Sir Harry. Curse me, Osborne, if I know what to make of you---You are a riddle that I cannot expound. You have such an aukward way of praising gaming, that it always has the appearance of satire,

Osborne. Satire! how so? Do you think I'd satirize myself? Who sports more freely than I do?

Sir Harry. Why there's the mystery!---You are as eager, to the full, as I am---If I set an hundred on a back hand, you offer a thousand; nay, had I the fortune of a Nabob, and were to stake it all, you would be the first man to cry cover'd, and be damned mad if any one wanted to go a guinea---Not because you have not generosity, but in the true and inveterate spirit of gaming.

Osborne. Certainly—Gaming!—why gaming is the best sal volatile for the spleen—It rouses the spirits, agitates the blood, quickens the pulse, and puts the whole nervous system in a continual vibration—No man ever yet died of an apoplexy, that loved a box and dice.

Sir Harry. But they have died as suddenly.

Osborne. Oh! ay, ay, but that's a fashionable disease, an influenza; that's to make your exit with eclat; that's to go out of the world with a good report.

Sir Harry. True—true—and indeed, as to a few years, more or less, that is, in reality, a mighty insignificant circumstance.

Osborne. A bagatelle!—Let us live while we do live, and die when we can't live any longer.

Sir Harry. That's my comfort—that's my comfort—Yes—yes—a pistol!—a pistol is a very certain remedy for the cholic—Nobody but a pitiful scoundrel would go sighing, and whining, and teizing other people with his griefs and complaints.—When a man is weary, what should he do but go to sleep?

Osborne. To be sure—Life itself is but a dream—'Tis only sleeping a little sounder.

Sir Harry. What! live to be pitied!—Ha, ha—A decayed gentleman! No, no, no—A withered branch—a firelock without a flint—And yet—heigho!—this Clara—damn it—its provoking—Youth—beauty—affability—she's a bewitching girl!

Osborne. She is indeed.

Sir Harry. A lovely girl!

Osborne. Ay—enough so to make any man, that might hope to be in her favour, in love with life.

Sir Harry. Any man, any man—but me—no, no—Undone—undone—undone—

Osborne.

Osborne. Well but, seriously, since you have such bad success, why don't you renounce play?

Sir Harry. 'Tis too late—I have sunk eighty thousand—My resources almost all exhausted, my estates all mortgaged to Jews and scoundrels.

Osborne. All!

Sir Harry. All; except the estate in Kent.

Osborne. Well then, if you cannot content yourself with your present loss, your best way will be to make another vigorous push.

Sir Harry. That's exactly what I am determined to do; and, unless the devil possesses the dice, I think I may expect, without a miracle, that fortune should change hands.

Osborne. One would think so, indeed—Will you dine then at my house? There will be the Chevalier, the Baron, and the usual set—They have engaged to dine with me—They are spirited fellows, and will play for any sum.

Sir Harry. I don't know—Suspicion is a curst meanness; and yet, I cannot help having my doubts of some among that company—Nay, had you not so often assured me you were perfectly acquainted with them all—

Osborne. Why, I tell you again and again, so I am—I will be answerable for their conduct, and that's more than I would say for any other set of gamblers upon earth.

Sir Harry. Well, well—I'll meet you there.

Osborne. We dine early—at five.

Sir Harry. Agreed.

Osborne. And then—hey for a light heart, and a heavy purse. [Exit Osborne.]

Sir Harry. No, no,—No light heart for me—I am sunk—degraded in my own opinion—Gaming alters our very nature—Osborne used to hate it—he was then an open-hearted, generous fellow

fellow—he now appears to have contracted an insatiable love for money, and a violent desire to win—he cares not of whom—of me as soon as another—Were I in his situation, and he in mine, I think I should find an aversion to increase his distress—he knows mine, yet has no such aversion—Perhaps he thinks my ruin certain, and that he may as well profit by it as another—I know him to have the most refined and strictest sense of honour—I have lost most of my money to him, and in his company, and therefore have not been duped out of it.—That is some comfort, however.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mr. OSBORNE and TIMID.

Osborne. Well, Mr. Timid, has Sir Harry sent to you for a further supply?

Timid. Lackaday, Sir, yes!—And a very large supply too—He wants 5000*l.* immediately—Lackaday! I asked him how he thought it possible for me to raise such sums, as he called upon me for every day—reminded him what a bad way his affairs were in, and what an usurious rate I was obliged to borrow all this money at.

Osborne. What said he?

Timid. Lackaday—not much—seemed chagrined—said it must have an end, one way or another, soon; and demanded, whether I could, or could not, raise the money—Lackaday—I told him, I was no longer master of ways and means; and he said, then he must positively employ another prime minister, for supplies he must have.

Osborne. Why did you tell him that? Go to him, inform him you have met with a tender-hearted Jew,

Jew, who knows nothing of the situation of his affairs, that will lend him 10,000 directly, if he wants it.

Timid. Ten thousand!—on what terms?

Osborne. Oh, the mortgage of the Kentish estate.

Timid. The Kentish estate!—Lackaday—But suppose he should go to gaming, and lose it to somebody else instead of you.

Osborne. Oh, I'll take care of that.

Timid. Lackaday—It must not be Benjamin Solomons who lends this?

Osborne. True—no—humph—Isaac Levi, agent to a private company at Amsterdam.

Timid. (*Writes in a pocket-book*) "Isaac Levi, agent to a private company at Amsterdam"—Lackaday!

Osborne. Well—go you to him, and inform him that the money shall be ready in about half an hour.

Timid. Lackaday—Good young gentleman—Heaven pardon me, I had like to have said, damn the dice—You'll be a true friend?

Osborne. Be under no apprehensions—This old fool is become suspicious, I must be sudden (*aside*.)

Timid. Had not we better inform him of all, before he goes any further?

Osborne. By no means—leave that to me.

Timid. Lackaday—Well—The remembrance of a good deed is grateful on a death-bed.

Osborne. Do you be expeditious—I'll instruct the Jew, and he shall meet you here. [*Exit Osborne.*]

Timid. Heaven pardon me! I had like to have said, damn the Jews.— [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E *continues.*

Sir HARRY and MELISSA.

Sir Harry. **H**EAVENS what romance! I can scarce believe my eyes—Did you ever hear of so strange an affair?

Melissa. Strange! it's miraculous—Quixotism!—And our good uncle is the prince of madmen.

Sir Harry. To send a foolish, illiterate, country dowdy, and her block-headed brother, a visiting on such an errand—What can I say to them? I declare, I don't know how to behave—Never was so embarrassed in my life—Where are they?

Melissa. He has made an acquaintance with the groom, and is gone to the mews, which seems to be his proper element, to examine the horses; and I left her with my woman, staring, like a Dutch doll, at every thing she fixed her eyes on—Here she comes.

Enter Miss TURNBULL.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!—Here be a power of vine—(*staring about*). I wonder if that be he that be to be my husband. (*aside*)

Sir Harry. I hope, Madam, the fatigue of your journey has not injured your health.

Miss Turnbull. Zir!

Sir Harry. I hope you are pretty well after your journey.

Miss Turnbull. Pretty well thank you, Zir—iveck he's a handsome man. (*aside*)

Melissa. This is the oddest affair.

Sir Harry. I don't know what to say to her—I am afraid, Miss Turnbull, you won't find the town so agreeable as the Elysian fields of Somersetshire.

Miss Turnbull. Lifian yields!—There be no zuch yields in our parts—There be only corn yields and hay yields.

Melissa. My brother, madam, means to say, You are not so well pleased with the town as with the country, perhaps.

Miss Turnbull. Oh!—Yes but I be tho', and ten times better—(*they stand silent some time*) Pray, Miss, when did you zee Zekel Turnbull, my uncle.

Melissa. I have not the honour to know him.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!—What don't you know Zekel?

Melissa. No, indeed!

Miss Turnbull. Why, he do come to London zity vour times every year.

Sir Harry. Is he in parliament?

Miss Turnbull. Parliament?

Sir Harry. Yes.

Miss Turnbull. What a parliament-man?

Sir Harry. Yes.

Miss Turnbull. No; he be a grazier—(*silent again*) Pray, Miss, have you been to zee the lions and the wax-work to-day,

Melissa. To-day!

D

Miss

Miss Turnbull. Ees.

Melissa. I never saw them in my life.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!—What never saw the kings, and the queens, and the tombstones?

Melissa. No.

Miss Turnbull. Merciful vather!—Well, let's go and zee 'em now then.

Melissa. People of fashion never go to those kind of places.

Miss Turnbull. Never!

Melissa. Never.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!—But I am zure I will go every day, while I be in London zity, if I can vind the way—pray be this vair-time here—Where be all those volk gwain—and where do they all come fro'.

(*'Squire Turnbull without.*)

Barbara—Barbara—Where bist Barbara?

Miss Turnbull. I be here.

Enter 'SQUIRE.

'Squire. Well, Zir Harry, here we be—Madam, your zervant—I zupped wi Zir Hornet three nights ago, an a zaid you be a vine lass—What tho'—I had never zeen you, but I gave yo' Miss in a bumper; an Zir Hornet swore, that except Barbara, a didn't know one to match you.

Melissa. He did me great honour.

'Squire. Why to be zure a did—What tho'—a was wrong—I zee a was wrong—Barbara is well enough—But what tho'—the greatest calf isn't always the sweetest veal—Vor all the length of her spurs, she won't do, pitted against this vine ginger pullet.

Melissa. Your compliments quite over-power me, Sir.

'Squire. Compliments---No, no---What tho'---Vather be dead, an' I ha' three thousand a year, and the best pack of vox dogs in Zomerzetzhire---I a no need make compliments---I would as zoon override the hounds, or vell oak zaplings vor vire wood---Barbara, mayhap, understands zic things, her reads kademy o' compliments---vor my part, I a' no time vor zic trash---

Miss Turnbull. I'm zure it be a very pretty book.

'Squire. Hold thy tongue, Barbara, an' then nobody will knaw thee bist a vool---Lookye me, Miss---I do want a wife---an' I should like hugely vor you an I to zet our horfes together, as the zaying is.

Melissa. Sir---I don't understand---

'Squire. Vor my part, I am none of your hawf-bred ones---What tho'---shilly shally and no thank you are always hungry---A lame tongue gets nothing, and the last wooer wins the maid---A bad hound may start a hare, but a good one will catch her.

Sir Harry. I believe, Sir, you never saw my sister before.

'Squire. Why, no, to be zure---What tho---Love and a red nose can't be hid---If you cut up the goose, I'll eat it---The hare starts when the hound least expects it.

Sir Harry. Very true, Sir---But here is a disagreeable misunderstanding---

'Squire. Why to be zure---I do knaw it---We misunderstand the thing parfitly well---it be very disagreeable, an' I be glad of it---I a brought Barbara to London to zee the lions, buy ribbands, an' be married---But what, tho'---liking's liking,

an' love's love—myzelf bevore my zister—If the mountain won't go to the man, the man mun go to the mountain—an vaint heart never won vair lady.

Sir Harry. Don't you think, Sir, that were my sister's affections totally disengaged, this abruptness were very unlikely to gain them? Is it not too violent, think you, for female delicacy?

'Squire. Why to be zure—venale delicacy!—I hate it—and as vor your abruptness, why gi' me the man that speaks bolt outright—I am vor none o' your abruptness—what tho'—he must a' leave to speak that can't hold his tongue.

Melissa. Your proverb is quite a-propos, Sir.

'Squire. Why to be zure—Dogs bark as they are bred.

Sir Harry. }
Melissa. } Ha! ha! ha!

'Squire. I am a staunch hound, Miss, and seldom at vault; an' zo, wi your leave, Ill—

(*Offers to kiss Melissa.*)

Melissa. I beg, Sir—

'Squire. Nay, don't be bashful—I like fruit too well to play long at bobcherry—a's a voal indeed that can't carve a plumb-pudding—

(*Offers to kiss again, and is prevented by Sir Harry.*)

Sir Harry. I am sorry to be obliged to inform you, that you are entirely mistaken, both with respect to the affections of my sister and myself. As a friend of my uncle's, Sir, I shall be happy to shew you every respect, but nothing farther can possibly take place between the families.

Enter a SERVANT. (*Delivers a card to Melissa.*) *Exit Melissa.*

Servant. Mr. Timid desired me to tell you, Sir, that Mr. Levi is quite tired of waiting; and
 says,

says, if you can't come now, he will call again to-morrow.

Sir Harry. Oh, tell him he must not go—I beg Mr. Levi's pardon; I'll be with him in a minute.
(*Exit Servant.*)—Sir Hornet has been exceedingly precipitate in this business, Sir—He is coming to town, and must apologize for his error—As to my sister, I have no doubt but she has every respect for your merits they deserve; but her affections are pre-engaged, the nuptials fixed, and are soon to be celebrated—While you remain in town, however, I beg you will command my house and services. (*Exit Sir Harry bowing.*)

'Squire. Well, Barbara, what dost think on un?

Miss Turnbull. Why, a be well enough—but I daunt rightly know what a means.

'Squire. What a means—thee bist a vool—thee dust na know the London tongue, thee means—a zaid, in a kind of round-about way, that its all right.

Miss Turnbull. Did a?

'Squire. Did a—why to be zure a did—didst na zee how zivil a were, an what a low bow a made—But thee has no contagion in thee—thee will never learn what's what.

Miss Turnbull. Why, where be I to learn zic things—I a never been no where.

'Squire. Never been no where—well—what o' that?—Where have I been? I a never been no where—What tho'—I do know how to stir my broth without scalding my vinger—I can zee an owl in an oven as soon as another.

Miss Turnbull. But when be us to go and zee the zights?

'Squire. Oh, we'll go all together on the wedding-day.

Miss

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!—I wish it were here.

Squire. Ay, ay—I daunt doubt thee—women, pigs and poultry be never zatisfied.

Miss Turnbull. An be you to be married as well?

Squire. Be I to be married as well? why to be zure I be—thee bist a vool, isn't vather dead? an hannot I three thousand a year, an the best pack o vox dogs in Zomerzethhire? An didst na hear me tell Miss 'at I would marry her?—What tho'—I do know how to catch two pigeons wi one pea—Shew a dog a bone, and he'll wag his tail—He that is born a beauty is half married, an like will to like.

Miss Turnbull. Well then, take me to parliament-house, an shew me the king, an the queen, an the lord mayor, an th' elephant, an the rest o' th' royal vamily.

Squire. I tell thee, thee shatn't.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!—What zignifications my coming to London zity, an' I must be moped up a this'n; I will go, zo I will.

Squire. I tell thee, thee shatn't.

Miss Turnbull. Why then, an I munnut zee the king—I'll go into next room and zee his picter, that I will—

(*Exit Miss Turnbull.*)

Squire. A hoic!—Barbara—Barbara—The helve after the hatchet—He that holds a woman, mun ha' a long rope an' a strong arm—Women an mules will go their own road, in zpote of riders or stinging-nettles.

(*Exit Squire.*)

SCENE

S C E N E II,

*The House of Mr. VANDERVELT.**Enter VANDERVELT (meditating.)*

Vandervelt. Clara is very beautiful—but mankind is very censorious—They will tell me, that sixty-seven is too late in life to undertake the begetting, bringing up, and providing for a family—What of that—Must I go out of the world, as I came into it—no body to remember me?—Must the name of Vandervelt be forgotten?—Must I leave no pretty picture of myself?—Sixty-seven is but sixty-seven—Have not we a thousand examples of longevity upon record?—And then—as to cuckolds—I cannot be persuaded that they are as common now, as they were when I was a youngster—Times, men, and manners alter—Children are born wittier, and the world gets more sedate—I myself am a living proof of it—I never go to bagnios now—I never break lamps, beat watchmen, and kick constables now—Once, indeed, I should have made very little ceremony about dignifying an elderly gentleman, that had a handsome wife; whereas now, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and with a safe conscience declare, I have no such wicked inclinations—

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Ah! mon cher papa! What ruminating!

Vandervelt. Ah! Turtle! But why do you always call me papa? you know I don't like that word, Turtle.

Clara.

Clara. And why papa, do you always call me turtle?—Have not I told you, fifty times, it puts me in mind of calipash—and aldermen—and other ugly animals.

Vandervelt. Calipash! Thou art sweeter, tenderer, more delicate, delightful and delicious, than all the calipash and callipee in the universe—A gem—a jewel—that all the Sophy's, Sultans, Grand Signiors and Great Moguls, of the whole earth, have not riches enough to purchase.

Clara. Ah! Mon cher Papa!—You are so gallant—You do say the most obliging things!

Vandervelt. SAY the most obliging things!—Ay and will—No matter—Deeds—Title deeds—Rent rolls—India bonds—Well—Death, and the day of judgment, will make strange discoveries.

Clara. Oh, yes!—I know you wise men often meditate on these serious subjects.

Vandervelt. Ay—Life is treacherous ground—One foot firm, and the next in a pit.

Clara. But why so melancholy, papa?

Vandervelt. I have no friends—that is, no relations—no children—have made a great fortune, by care, and labour, and anxiety, and debarring myself the pleasures, and comforts of life, in my youth—And why should not I sit down and enjoy it?

Clara. Very true, and why don't you?

Vandervelt. Because men are fools, and laugh they don't know why—I hate ridicule—Nobody loves to be thought ridiculous—The world has got false notions—A man of fifty is called old, and must not be in love, for fear of being pointed at—Whereas some men are older at thirty, than others at threescore.

Clara. Certainly.

Vandervelt. What is threescore?

Clara. A handful of minutes!

Van-

Vandervelt. That vanish like a summer shower.

Clara. Melt, like a lump of sugar, in a dish of tea.

Vandervelt. That come you don't know how.

Clara. And go you don't know where.

Vandervelt. Surely a man of sixty may walk thro' a church-yard, without fear of tumbling into a grave?

Clara. If he can jump over it.

Vandervelt. True—And I was once an excellent jumper—Sixty!—Why Henry Jenkins, the Yorkshire fisherman, lived to a hundred and sixty-nine—So that a man of sixty, even in these degenerate days, has a chance to live at least an hundred years.

Clara. Well, I declare papa, you are quite a blooming youth!—forty years younger, in my opinion, than you were a quarter of an hour ago!

Vandervelt. Forty?

Clara. At least!

Vandervelt. Why then, by dad, as thou sayest, I am a blooming youth—Ah turtle!—I could tell you something—that would surprize you—I could tell you—Think what I could tell you—(*Sings*) “If 'tis joy to wound a lover”—hem—“how much more to give him ease.”

Clara. “When his passion we discover.” (*Sings*)

Vandervelt. (*Speaks*) “Oh how pleasing 'tis to please”—Oh I could tell—But no—no—no, no, no—You are sniggering—laughing in your sleeve—Ay, ay—I perceive it—You're a wit, and I am an old fool—Sneering—ridiculing me—I hate wit and ridicule.

Clara. Me a wit!—Lord, papa—I would not be such an animal for the world—A wit!—Why a wit is a kind of urchin, that every man

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will

will set his dog at, but won't touch himself, for fear of pricking his fingers.—A wit is a monster, with a hideous long tongue, and no brains—A dealer in paradoxes—One that is blind, thro' a profusion of light—A wit is a spectre, that makes a pair of stilts of his criss-cross-row, walks upon metaphor, is always seen in a simile, vanishes if you come too near him, and is only to be laid by a cudgel.

Vandervelt. Frightful indeed!—Thank heaven, nobody can say, I am a wit.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Mr. Codicil, the attorney, desires to speak with you, Sir.

Vandervelt. Very well—I am coming.

Servant. Mrs. Trip, Madam, is in the house-keeper's room, and says she hopes your ladyship is well.

Clara. Desire her to walk up. (*Exit servant*)

Vandervelt. Who is Mrs. Trip, Turtle?

Clara. A person that lived several years in our family. She is, at present, lady's maid to Melissa, Sir Harry Portland's sister—She will divert me with her fine language, besides that, I wish to ask her how she likes Sir Harry's family.

Vandervelt. I know Sir Harry's uncle, Sir Hor-net Armstrong, very well—an old friend.

Clara. Indeed!—I never saw him here.

Vandervelt. Why no—I don't know how it has happened, but I have not seen him above twice, these two years, myself—he's an odd mortal—a whimsical old gentleman—well—by, by!

Clara. Adieu!

Vandervelt. By, by! (*Exit.*

CLARA

CLARA *alone.*

This Sir Harry runs continually in my head—ay, and I am afraid has found a place in my heart—yes, yes—there's no denying that—but that FRIEND—that Mr. OSBORNE—Whether it be my particular concern for Sir Harry, or my superior penetration, I cannot discover, but that man wears, to me, a most suspicious, hypocritical face. (*Enter Mrs. Trip*) So, Mrs. Trip, how have you done this long time?

Mrs. Trip. Pretty well, thank you, Madam, except that I am subject to the historicals, and troubled with the vapours; being, as I am, of a dilikut nirvus system, whereof I am so giddy, that my poor head is sometimes quite in a whirlpool; and if I did not bathe with my lady, the doctor tells me, I should decline into a liturgy, and so fall down and die, perhaps, in a fit of apostacy.

Clara. And how long have you lived in Sir Harry's family, Mrs. Trip?

Mrs. Trip. I came soon after my poor dear lady, your mamma, died, and was interrogated; whereof I was at her funereal—My lady is a very good lady, that is, I mean, Ma'am, my future lady that I live with at present—she is to be married soon, to Mr. Osborne, and may Hydra, the god of marriage, tie the Gorgon knot—whereof I heard your ladyship is to be one of the ceremonials.

Clara. I am invited, and shall be there—But pray, Mrs. Trip, what is your opinion of Mr. Osborne?

Mrs. Trip. Oh Lord! Ma'am, confarning Mr. Osborne—I heard a small bird sing.

Clara. A small bird sing!

Mrs. Trip. Yes, Ma'am.

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Clara.

Clara. Of what feather was this fowl?

Mrs. Trip. Foul!—No, I assure you, your ladyship, as fair a speechified person as any in England—whereof he has a great valiation for me.

Clara. Well.

Mrs. Trip. And so the secret is, that Mr. Osborne has won almost all Sir Harry's estate.

Clara. Indeed!

Mrs. Trip. And, moreover, has pretended to be a synagogue, and a Jew, and has lent money in other people's names, on morgagees, and nuisants, whereof my friend has been a party concerned.

Clara. Good heaven! what villainy! (*aside*) And pray who is your friend, Mrs. Trip?

Mrs. Trip. Oh, Ma'am, I hope your ladyship won't intoxicate me on that head, for I know Mr. Timid too well to—

Clara. Oh! it was Mr. Timid.

Mrs. Trip. Why—that is—Ma'am—I didn't mean—Mercy!—What have I said?

Clara. You may assure yourself, Mrs. Trip, I shall be careful not to do you any prejudice.

Mrs. Trip. I am sure I am supinely obliged to your ladyship. [*Exit Mrs. Trip.*]

CLARA *alone.*

Poor Sir Harry! He has a heart that does honour to mankind, that does not merit distress, yet, if I augur right, that must shortly feel the severest pangs a false friend can inflict!—Ungrateful Osborne!—I must warn Melissa to beware of him, and, if possible, to detach Sir Harry from the gaming-table.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E *Sir Harry's House.*

Enter Sir HARRY, CLARA, MELISSA, VANDERVELT, laughing.

Clara. **H**A! ha! ha! Sir Harry, you are a happy man!

Vandervelt. Ay, Sir Harry, you are a happy man!

Melissa. Such an accomplished spouse!

Clara. And so kind an uncle!

Sir Harry. Upon my soul, I can't help laughing; and yet the more I reflect on the affair, the more I am amazed—Sir Hornet is whimsical, 'tis true, but no fool.

Vandervelt. Fool! Sir Harry!—no, no, he is always the readiest to spy the fooleries of other people—many a time have I laughed at his whims and jokes—an odd mortal he is.

Clara. Nay, if he be so fond of a joke, who knows but he may have sent them on this errand, for the joke's sake.

Vandervelt. By dad, turtle! thou hast hit it.—As sure as can be that's it—it is for the joke's sake.

Sir Harry. Impossible—The affair is too serious to be intentional caprice.

Melissa.

Melissa. But I thought, when I left you, you were coming to an eclaircissement.

Sir Harry. Coming to an eclaircissement!—Why I told them, as plain as I could speak, that no alliance whatever could take place between the families.

Melissa. 'Tis certain they have not understood you then.

Sir Harry. Well, there the matter must rest, till I can find an interpreter, for I can't make myself more intelligible.

Clara. And you have not had one tender love scene yet?

Sir Harry. Not one—I am amazed at the girl's simplicity—it equals her ignorance—she speaks and looks so totally unconscious of impropriety, so void of intentional error, that I don't know how to reply.

Clara. Suppose then you were to practise a little—Come, I'll stand up for the young lady.

Sir Harry. I shall still find a difficulty to speak.

Clara. Surely!

Sir Harry. In very truth, Ma'am.—But it will be from a quite different motive.

Clara. Oh, for the love of curiosity, Sir Harry, explain your motive.

Vandervelt. Ay, Sir Harry, explain your motive.

Sir Harry. I cannot, Sir.

Vandervelt. Cannot! Sir Harry, why so?

Sir Harry. For reasons, Sir, which are far more easily imagined than described.

Vandervelt. Nay, don't be afraid, Sir Harry.—My turtle knows how to answer interrogatories—you won't find her a simpleton, I'll warrant.

Sir Harry. No Sir—the danger is that she might find me one.

Van-

Vandervelt. I fancy, Sir Harry, you are a little like me—cautious with the ladies, lest you should be made ridiculous---I am very circumspect in those matters.

Sir Harry. You are very right, Sir---It is not every one who has the gift of wearing a fool's cap with a grace.

Clara. Ay, but notwithstanding all this, Sir Harry, I should like to have a love scene with you.

Vandervelt. How, turtle!

Clara. In the character of Miss Turnbull.

Vandervelt. Oh!---Ay, do, Sir Harry, have a love scene with my turtle---

Sir Harry. Any thing to oblige you, Sir.

Vandervelt. Come then---begin (*Clara sets herself in an awkward silly attitude*) Ah! ha, ha, ha---look! look at my turtle lovidovey!

Sir Harry. (*addresses Clara*) My uncle, Sir Hornet Armstrong, madam, is desirous that I should gain the inestimable blessing of your hand.

Clara. Anan!

Vandervelt. Ah! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Harry. And give me leave to say, madam, however unworthy I may be of the happiness and honour intended me, no person can be more sensible of them.

Clara. What!--That be as much as to say, you wunt ha' me, I zuppose. (*whimpers*)

Vandervelt. Ah! ha! ha! ha!--Nay, but don't cry in earnest, lovidovey.

Sir Harry. Oh! dry those heavenly eyes, madam, and believe me, when I call every sacred power to witness my affection---I love, I adore, I die for you---Suffer me to wipe away those pearly tears, that hide the beauties of your cheek (*offering to salute her.*)

Clara. Hold, hold, Sir Harry!

Van-

Vandervelt. Ay, hold, hold, Sir Harry!—

Sir Harry. Why so, Sir?—'Tis quite in character.

Clara. Deuce take you, Sir Harry—You—you are too passionate in your feigned addresses—So warm and pressing—

Vandervelt. Ay—so warm and pressing.

Clara. One was not aware.

Sir Harry. I was taken by surprize, myself, Madam—The bounteous god of love kindly contrived an opportunity, which my profound adoration, and a conscious want of merit, had totally deprived me of—Pardon me, if, for a moment, I forgot that respect which every one, who beholds you, cannot help feeling.

Vandervelt. Why what's this, Sir Harry? You are not in downright earnest, are you?

Sir Harry. Sincere, as dying sinners imploring mercy.

Vandervelt. What in love with my turtle!

Clara. Pooh—Why no, to be sure—We were only acting a supposed scene.

Vandervelt. Supposed!—Bedad, I think it was devilish like a real scene—You both did your parts very naturally.

Sir Harry. Oh, Sir! no actor who feels as forcibly as I do, can ever mistake his character.

Vandervelt. Feels forcibly!—Your feelings are forcible indeed.

Melissa. Come, come, let us adjourn to the drawing-room; I want to have your opinions on a painting of Coreggio's, that my brother has made me a present of.

Vandervelt. Favour me with your hand, young lady—And, Sir Harry, do you take my turtle's—but don't you let your feelings be too forcible.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The Hall in Sir HARRY'S House.

*Enter Sir HORNET ARMSTRONG and
SERVANT, as just arrived.*

Sir Hornet. Are the trunks safe, firrah, George?

Servant. Yes, Sir.

Sir Hornet. And did you order that dog of a postilion to take care of the poor devils the horses?

Servant. I did, Sir.

Sir Hornet. And of himself?

Servant. I did, Sir.

Sir Hornet. You did, Sir?—Why then do you go, and take care of yourself, you rascal.

Servant. I will, Sir.

Sir Hornet. And do you hear, George!

Servant. Sir!

Sir Hornet. If I find you disobey my orders, I'll break your bones.

Servant. I'll be very careful, Sir, I assure you.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter TIMID and SCRIP.

Timid. Brokerage comes rather heavy, Mr. Scrip, when the sum is large.

Scrip. Heavy! no, no—a damned paltry pittance—five and twenty pounds only, you see, for selling out twenty thousand—Get more by one lucky hit, than fifty of these would produce.

Timid. Ay!

Scrip. Oh, yes!—Jobbing—Stock-jobbing, between you and me, is the high road to wealth.

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Timid.

Timid. Lackaday, may be so—Well, good day.
(*Sc ip is going, but seeing Sir Hornet stops to listen.*)

Sir Hornet. What, old Lackaday!

Timid. Ah, Sir Hornet!—

Sir Hornet. What's the best news with you?

Timid. Ah, lackaday, the best news I know, is scarce worth relating.

Scrip. Beg pardon, Sir, (*To Sir Hornet*)—beg pardon—bad news in town, did you say?

Sir Hornet. Bad, Sir! not that I have heard.

Scrip. Exceedingly sorry for it!

Sir Hornet. Sir!

Scrip. Never was more distressed for bad news.

Sir Hornet. Distress'd for bad news!

Scrip. Excessively! The reduction of Gibraltar, the taking of Jamaica, or the destruction of the grand fleet, either of the three would make me a happy man for life—

Sir Hornet. The destruction of the grand fleet make you happy for life!

Scrip. Compleatly.

Sir Hornet. Here's a precious scoundrel!

Scrip. No great reason to complain, to be sure—do more business than any three doctors of the college—Generally of the sure side—Made a large fortune, if this does not give me a twinge—rather overdone it; but any severe stroke—any great national misfortune, would exactly close my account.

Sir Hornet. Hark you, Sir!

Scrip. Sir!

Sir Hornet. It is to be hoped—

Scrip. Yes, Sir, it is to be hoped.

Sir Hornet. That a halter will exactly close your account.

Scrip. Sir!

Sir

Sir Hornet. You raven-faced rascal!—Rejoice at national misfortunes! Zounds! I thought such language was no where to be heard from the mouth of an Englishman—unless he were a Member of Parliament.

Scrip. Lord, Sir!—You don't consider that I am a bear for almost half a million.

Sir Hornet. You are an impudent villain!—rejoice at the distress of your country!

Scrip. Why, Lord, Sir, to be sure—when I am a bear—There's not a bear in the Alley but would do the same—Were I bull, indeed, the case would be altered.

Sir Hornet. A bull!

Scrip. For instance, at the taking of Charles-Town, no man was merrier, no man more elate, no man in better spirits.

Sir Hornet. How so, gentle Sir?

Scrip. Oh, dear Sir, at that time I was a bull to a vast amount, when, very fortunately for me, the news arrived; the guns fired; the bells clattered; the stocks mounted; and I made ten thousand pounds!—Enough to make a man merry—Never spent a happier night in my life!

Sir Hornet. Aha!—then according to that arithmetic, you would be as merry, and as happy to night, could you accomplish the destruction of this said British fleet.

Scrip. Happier, happier by half!—for I should realize at least twice the sum!—twice the sum!

Sir Hornet. Twice the sum?

Scrip. Ay, twice the sum!—Oh! that would be a glorious event indeed! Never prayed so earnestly for any thing since I was born—and who knows—who knows what a little time may do for us?

Sir Hornet. Zounds! how my elbow aches. (*aside*)

Scrip. I shall call on some leading people—men of intelligence—of the right stamp.

Sir Hornet. You shall!

Scrip. Yes, Sir.

Sir Hornet. Why then—perhaps you will be able to destroy the British fleet between you.

Scrip. I hope so—I hope so—do every thing in my power—Oh! it would be a glorious event.

Sir Hornet. Hark you, Sir—Do you see that door?

Scrip. Sir!

Sir Hornet. And this cane?

Scrip. Why, but, Sir!

Sir Hornet. Make your exit, you imp.

Scrip. But, Sir!

Sir Hornet. Get out of the house, you vile rascal, you diabolical—[*Drives Scrip off.*] A son's son of a scoundrel—Who is he? What business had he here?

Timid. Lackaday, Sir, he is a stock-broker, that *Sir Harry* employ'd, at his sister's request, to sell out for her; because she chuses to have her fortune in her own possession against to-morrow,—I have been paying him the brokerage, and receiving the money, which I shall deliver to *Madam Melissa* directly.

Sir Hornet. An incomprehensible dog! pray for the reduction of Gibraltar, the taking of Jamaica, or the destruction of the British fleet,

Timid. Lackaday, Sir! it is his trade.

Sir Hornet. Trade! a nation will never flourish, that encourages traders to thrive by her misfortunes—but come—tell me something of my own affairs—Where is *Harry*—How does he go on?

Timid. Ah, lackaday!

Sir

Sir Hornet. What—is he a wild young dog—Does he get into thy books?

Timid. Ah, lackaday!

Sir Hornet. Ay, lackaday!—Zounds, don't sigh, man—He won't die in thy debt.

Timid. Ah, lackaday, Sir Hornet! he should be welcome to the last farthing I have in the world.

Sir Hornet. Should he, old Truepenny!—Then give me thy hand—thou shalt be remembered in my codicil—but what—he shakes his elbow I suppose, hey?—Seven's the main?

Timid. Ah, lackaday, Sir Hornet! what between main and chance he has been sadly nicked.

Sir Hornet. Has he!—I'll score his losings upon his pate, a dog—that is, if he will let me—But where is Miss Turnbull?—She'll soon reform him, her angelic smiles will teach him—

Timid. Sir!

Sir Hornet. Sir!—Zounds, you stare like the wooden heads of the twelve Cæsars—Miss Turnbull's charms, I say, will find employment for all his virtues, and wean him from all his vices.

Timid. Will they, Sir?

Sir Hornet. Will they, Sir! Yes they will, Sir.

Timid. Lackaday!

Sir Hornet. Lackaday!—What ails you?

Timid. Nothing, Sir, nothing—only that I am afraid my eyes begin to grow very dim.

Sir Hornet. Your head, I believe, begins to grow very thick,

Timid. Ah, lackaday, Sir, like enough—like enough!

Sir Hornet. Be kind enough to answer me a few questions?—Is not Miss Turnbull a beautiful girl?

Timid. May I speak truth?

Sir

Sir *Hornet*. MAY you speak truth! to be sure you MAY.

Timid. Then I answer, No, Sir.

Sir *Hornet*. No!

Timid. No!

Sir *Hornet*. Is she not an elegant girl?

Timid. No.

Sir *Hornet*. Nor a witty girl?

Timid. No.

Sir *Hornet*. No!

Timid. No.

Sir *Hornet*. No!!

Timid. No.

Sir *Hornet*. Tolderol lol! — Tititum! — Pray what is she in your opinion?

Timid. A silly, ignorant, ill-bred, country girl, and very unfit for Sir Harry's wife.

Sir *Hornet*. Tolderolol---laditum---Let me look in your face---Yes, yes---he has it---the moon's almost at full---Poor Lackaday!---which is your right hand?---(*Timid holds it up*) Indeed! wonderful!---And are you really in your sober senses?

Timid. Why, indeed, Sir, I begin to be rather in doubt---I believe so---but lest I should lose them, I will wish your honour a good morning.

[*Exit.*

Sir HORNET alone.

Lackaday—ha! ha!—Not beautiful—nor witty—nor—tolderol lol—The old fool has a mind to set up for a wit, and has began by bantering ME—Zounds, I was neither drunk nor mad—and, to the best of my knowledge, I am not now in a dream—The brother, indeed, is a booby; and does not appear to be of the same family—hardly of the same species—tho' he had sense enough to snap at the offer immediately—I remarked he did not

not stand on ceremony—Surely I have made no mistake in the business—s'blood if it prove so!—Parson Adams the second—I shall—hey?—Who's this?—No—no, no—it is—'tis she, herself, in propria perf.—(*Enter Clara*)—Miss Turnbull, I most heartily rejoice to see you.

Clara. Miss Turnbull! (*Aside.*)

Sir Hornet. Your presence has relieved me from one of the oddest qualms—But the sight of you has given me a cordial.

Clara. What do you mean, Sir Hornet?

Sir Hornet. Mean, my angel! why here has been a bantering, lying, ænigmatical son of a scoundrel, with a bundle of ironical, diabolical tales, railing at your beauty and accomplishments, till egad, I began to fancy my fine-flavoured pineapple a crab.

Clara. This is delightful!—I half suspected this, from the first—But the mistake is so pleasant, that I cannot find in my heart to undeceive him (*aside*).—There is no answering for the difference of taste, Sir.

Sir Hornet. True---Asses prefer thistles to nectarines---But yet he must be an ass indeed, who could not distinguish St. Paul's from the pillory.

Clara. Taste, Sir Hornet, is a sort of shot silk, and has a variety of shades---a camelion---one says 'tis blue, another black, and a third is positive 'tis yellow---every body has it, yet nobody can tell what it is---Like space, it is undescribable, tho' all allow there is such a thing---It would be a vain attempt, therefore, for Miss Turnbull to endeavour to please the whole world.

Sir Hornet. An old booby---I would not give a hair of the pope's beard to please him---But how is it with Sir Harry---Is he in raptures? Is he dying for you?

Clara. No, Sir---he eats and drinks as usual, and is, for aught I can discover, in tolerable good health.

Sir Hornet. Is he!--an audacious dog!--in good health!--If I find him in good health, I'll pistol him---But you mistake the matter, perhaps---The rascal's proud, and not willing you should see his sufferings---He is a stricken deer, and sheds his tears in solitude and silence, mayhap---Do you discover no symptoms of the fighting swain?---Does he never cut his fingers---or scald himself---or run against a post, and beg its pardon?

Clara. No, Sir.

Sir Hornet. I doubt he is a sad dog---But no---no, no---I am certain he adores you---'Tis impossible he should do otherwise---But there is another material point, about which I am not quite so certain.

Clara. What is that, Sir?

Sir Hornet. Has he found any place in your affections?---'Tis true, he's a fine fellow---I don't mean, by that, one that is pickled in cosmetics---preserved in musk and marchal powder, and that will melt away, like Lot's wife, in the first hard shower---None of your fellows that are too valiant to give a woman the wall, and too witty to let her have the last word---But one that is---In short, his own manner will best describe what he is.

Clara. True, Sir Hornet, but the time has been so short.

Sir Hornet. Short!--Ah, Madam, if he did not do the business with a *coup d'œil*---at once---I would not give a feather of a goose-wing for all the arrows his Cupid has in his quiver---But come, Miss Turnbull---I know you are above the silly prejudices that ordinary minds are swayed by---
tell

tell me sincerely---Has he made any impression on your heart?---Is he the man?

Clara. To speak ingenuously, Sir Hornet, that is a point entirely undetermined, at present.

Sir Hornet. Undetermined!---why!---what!

Clara. Sir Harry's person is engaging, his manners delightful, and his understanding unexceptionable.

Sir Hornet. Bravo! my dear girl!---you charm me to hear you say so!

Clara. I will say more, Sir Hornet---I find my heart interested in his behalf, and, sincerely believe, I shall never see another man with whom I could be half so happy.

Sir Hornet. My dear Miss Turnbull!

Clara. But yet, I have too many reasons to fear, it will be impossible we should ever be united.

Sir Hornet. Impossible!

Clara. I do most firmly believe, Sir Harry possesses a thousand virtues, but they are all tinged, discoloured by a failing, which if not in its own nature as erroneous as some other vices, is more destructive than any.

Sir Hornet. I understand you.

Clara. This will for ever deter a woman, who values her own peace and welfare, from cherishing a passion that must, in its consequences, be so fatal.

Sir Hornet. But you, my angel, will soon cure him of this---It is not a rooted vice---

Clara. Permanently---or my intelligence says false---When he loses, there is no possibility of persuading him to desist---the recollection of his loss preys upon his mind, and had he the Indies, he would set it upon the chance of a card, the turn of a guinea, or the cast of a die.

Sir Hornet. Well, but we have hopes that Mr. Osborne will find means to reclaim him---he is

continually with him, continually warning him, and——

Clara. Subtlety, and refined artifice!—Mr. Osborne, Sir Hornet, is an interested physician, and would rather encourage than cure the disease.

Sir Hornet. Heaven forbid!—But who informs you of this!

Clara. Those who are in the secret, I assure you, Sir—I am afraid Mr. Osborne is a wicked man—He is—what I dare not speak,

Sir Hornet. I confess you alarm me, tho' I hope without cause—Osborne assumes every appearance of rigid virtue; and, if this were true, he would be the worst of villains—However, suspend your opinion awhile—I'll soon sift the affair—And, in the mean time, let me beg of you to think as well of Sir Harry as your doubts will permit you.

Clara. I shall do that, Sir Hornet, without an effort. [Exit.]

Enter VANDERVELT.

(Sees Clara going off on the other side of the Stage.)

Vandervelt. Why, turtle!—why,—Ah! Sir Hornet—I am glad to see you.

Sir Hornet. Ah, ha—friend Van!—Why you look tolerably well.

Vandervelt. Tolerably well!—Ay, to be sure—Why should I not?

Sir Hornet. Why should you not?—Let me see—There are, as near as I can guess, about seventy reasons why you should not.

Vandervelt. Humph—Oh—what my age!—No, no—Let me tell you, Sir Hornet, I—I am not an old man.

Sir Hornet. No!

Van.

Vandervelt. No;—nor you neither.

Sir Hornet. Indeed!—I am exceedingly glad of that—and pray when did you make this discovery?

Vandervelt. Make it—why I have been making it these twenty years and upwards.

Sir Hornet. Oh, ho!—And how do you prove it?

Vandervelt. By comparison and reflection—I'll tell you—hold—first I'll shew you—what I call my list of worthies—there—look at that—
(gives a common-place book.)

Sir Hornet. What the devil have we here!—
(reads) “PATRICK O'NEAL—married, for the seventh time, at the age of one hundred and thirteen—walks without a cane, never idle—children and great great grand-children, to the number of—--one hundred and twenty-three!”

Vandervelt. There's a fellow!—I warrant that man is alive and hearty at this moment.

Sir Hornet. Humph!—And pray, do you think to imitate this worthy, as you call him?—Will you be married seven times, and have a hundred and twenty-three children?

Vandervelt. That's more than I can tell.

Sir Hornet. Ha!—(reads) “THOMAS PAR, “being aged one hundred and twenty, fell in “love with Catherine Milton.”

Vandervelt. Ay, and did penance in a white sheet at the church door.

Sir Hornet. Humph—“HENRY JENKINS.”

Vandervelt. Ay!—there's another!—corrected his great grandson, a youth of seventy, with his own hand, for being idle.

Sir Hornet. “JOHANNES DE TEMPORIBUS, or JOHN OF TIMES, armour-bearer to the emperor

G 2 Charle-

Charlemagne, died, aged three hundred threescore and one year.

Vandervelt. Very well now tell me---When you compare me to Johannes de Temporibus, that is, when you compare sixty-seven to three hundred threescore and one, can you say I am an old man?

Sir Hornet. An old man!--By the beard of Methuselah thou art scarce an infant---it will be perhaps these five years yet before thou art perfectly a child.

Vandervelt. Nay, Sir Hornet, let me beg of you to be serious---you are an old friend, and know the world---I shall be glad of your advice---I ruminate on these things by myself, till I am quite melancholy---Now, if I had but somebody to bear half my griefs, I should suppose---they would be lessened.

Sir Hornet. Why true, as you say, one would imagine so.

Vandervelt. Don't you think then, if I were to take a handsome---young---wife---I should, perhaps, find a cure for all my ills?

Sir Hornet. An infallible one.

Vandervelt. And this is, seriously, your opinion. (*very gravely*)

Sir Hornet. Seriously. (*affectedly grave*)

Vandervelt. Then tell me---You were talking with the young lady that went out as I entered.

Sir Hornet. Well! what of her.

Vandervelt. Is she not very beautiful?

Sir Hornet. A divinity.

Vandervelt. Finely accomplished?

Sir Hornet. Beyond description.

Vandervelt. That's right!--You are a sensible, discerning man, Sir Hornet, and I am delighted to find you approve my choice.

Sir Hornet. Your choice!

Vandervelt. My choice—That is the young lady, you must know, to whom I intend to pay my addresses.

Sir Hornet. Your—your—your—your what?—

Vandervelt. The Lady, I mean to marry.

Sir Hornet. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

(laughs excessively.)

Vandervelt. Nay, Sir Hornet!

Sir Hornet. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! all mad--- every soul.

Vandervelt. I don't understand!

Sir Hornet. Most reverend youth, I beg your pardon, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Vandervelt. You see things in a mighty strange light, Sir Hornet.---Is it any miracle that a man should love a beautiful woman?

Sir Hornet. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!---love! Why thou'rt another *Ætna*---Cupid's burning mountain.---Your nose has took fire at your fancy, and is become a beacon, to warn all young Gentlemen, of threescore and ten, of the rocks and quicksands hid in the sea of amorous desires.

Vandervelt. Upon my word, Sir Hornet, this is exceedingly strange.

Sir Hornet. Ha! ha! ha!---You must excuse me---What a rosy youth---Ha! ha! ha!---Hark ye, friend Vandervelt, (*gravely*) it's my opinion you have been bantering me rather.

Vandervelt. Odd---that's a good thought, (*aside*)---Bantering you, why, ay to be sure, I have---ha! ha! ha! (*forces a laugh.*)

Sir Hornet. Oh! you have?

Vandervelt. Certainly, ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. Ha! ha! ha! ha! (*with the same tone and manner.*)

Van-

Vandervelt. Didn't you perceive that before?
Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. No, faith---ha! ha! ha!

Vandervelt. That's a good joke, ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. Excellent! ha! ha! ha!

*[The laugh continues some time, during which
Sir Hornet imitates Vandervelt's voice and
manner exactly, then stops suddenly, and
looks very grave.]*

Vandervelt. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Vandervelt. Ha! ha!-----

Sir Hornet. Now, let us be serious.

Vandervelt. With all my heart.

Sir Hornet. And I'll tell you a story.

Vandervelt. Do.

Sir Hornet. There was a certain antient personage,
of my acquaintance, called Andrew Vandervelt—

Vandervelt. What's your story about me?

Sir Hornet. Give me leave, young gentleman,
and you shall hear—Every body imagined him to
be a prudent, sedate, grave person, with a mode-
rate share of common sense;

Vandervelt. Well.

Sir Hornet. And, as it was evident his beard
was grey, his limbs palsied, his skin shriveled, and
his sinews shrunk;

Vandervelt. How, Sir Hornet!

Sir Hornet. They naturally concluded, he had
made his will, wrote his epitaph, and bespoke his
coffin;

Vandervelt. Mercy upon me!

Sir Hornet. But instead of meditating, like a
pious Christian, on the four last things, a crotchet
takes him in the head, he buys a three-penny
fiddle, scrapes a matrimonial jigg, claps a pair of
horns upon his head, and curvets thro' the town,
the

the sport of the mob, derided by the young, pitied by the old, and laughed at by all the world.

Vandervelt. Heaven deliver me, what a picture! But you forget, Sir Hornet—Didn't I explain to you, that it was only a joke?

Sir Hornet. Oh! true—Ah, witty rogue!—well—adieu—I'll remember the joke—ha! ha! ha!

Vandervelt. Ay, do—ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. Oh! for a song to the tune of "Room for Cuckolds!"

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT,

A C T

D U P L I C A T E :

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Chamber at Sir HARRY'S.

Enter Sir HARRY (much agitated.)

Sir Harry. **M**AY the everlasting curse of heaven consume those implements of hell—those deceitful, infernal fiends—I'll never touch, never look on cards or dice again—If I ever make another bett, may all the horrors of a ruined fortune haunt me, sleeping and waking—May I be pointed at by children, and pitied by sharpeners—**Distraction!** MAY I be—I **AM** already, ruined, past redemption.

Enter SERVANT, and delivers a letter to Sir HARRY.

Sir Harry. (*Breaks open the letter hastily*)—Um—Um—Stay, Sir (*to the servant*)—Damnation! Is it possible! In league with sharpeners—Who brought this letter, Sir?

Servant. A porter, Sir.

Sir Harry. Where is he?

Servant. Gone, Sir—he ran off round the corner in a hurry.

Sir Harry. You may go, Sir. [*Exit servant.*]

Enter

Enter OSBORNE.

Osborne. You seem moved, Sir Harry; may I enquire the cause?

Sir Harry. You are the cause, Sir.

Osborne. I!

Sir Harry. Yes, you—There, read, Sir.

Osborne. (reads)—"Beware of a false friend—
"the person who gives you this caution, would
"sacrifice a life to preserve you from the destruc-
"tion that threatens you—Mr. Osborne is in
"league with Jews and sharpers, and you are a
"victim to his avarice and duplicity."—So, so—
(*seems chagrined*)—Well, Sir Harry, do you give
any credit to this epistle?

Sir Harry. Nay, Sir, you are to tell me how much, or how little, credit it deserves.

Osborne. Why look you, Sir Harry, I cannot, nor I will not, enter into explanations—

Sir Harry. Sir!—Cannot, nor will not, enter into explanations!

Osborne. No, Sir.

Sir Harry. But I say, Sir, you shall.

Osborne. Shall!

Sir Harry. Yes, Sir, shall.

Osborne. Ay, Sir—Who is he that SHALL make me?

Sir Harry. I am he, Sir.

Osborne. Indeed!

Sir Harry. Friendship, honour, honesty, ought to make you—but present appearances declare you void of these.

Osborne. Present appearances declare you void of reason, Sir, otherwise you would remember me for one of those who are not to be terrified by a loud tongue, or an angry brow—I repeat it—I will not now enter into explanations—I have

H

played

played with you, I have staked my money, and won yours—Would it have been dishonourable had you won mine? I have disposed of that money as I thought proper.—No matter whether with Jews or Christians; and, I should have supposed, your passion and suspicion would have required better proof, than the malevolent aspersion of an anonymous letter, ere they ought to have incited you to a quarrel with your friend.

Sir Harry. I beg your pardon, dear Osborne—I am to blame---nothing but the severity of my late losses can plead for me---I know you to be a noble-hearted, worthy fellow, and explanations, on such an accusation, are as much beneath you to give, as me to demand----forget my silly warmth, it is my weakness.

Osborne. Do you forget the cause on't, Harry, and it is forgot.

Sir Harry. It was madness---I am above suspicion---'tis ungenerous---'tis damnable---pray excuse---pray forgive me.

Osborne. Well, well, think no more on't---only guard against suspicion for the future.

[*Exit Osborne.*]

Sir Harry. No, no---it cannot be---there is an open fortitude in his manner---a boldness that can only result from innocence.

Enter MELISSA.

Melissa. Oh, brother, I am glad I have found you---Why did you send these troublesome things to me? Why did not you take care of them for me? Trust a giddy girl indeed with a parcel of bank bills---here, here, here they are---take 'em---take 'em---they will be safe with you---I have been in a panic, ever since they were in my possession,

session, lest they should take wing, and fly thro' the key-hole, or some other unaccountable way---I am unused to such large sums, and don't feel happy while they are about me.

Sir Harry. But what am I to do with them?

Melissa. Keep them till to-morrow, and then, you know, when you give my hand to your friend, you may give them too, to make it the more acceptable---there are just twenty, of one thousand each.---So, now I am easy---good bye---I am going to purchase a few knickknacks. (*Exit Melissa hastily.*)

Sir Harry. Well, but, sister, *Melissa*. She's gone---flown on the light wings of innocence and happiness---while I, depressed by folly, feel a weight upon my heart, that hope itself cannot remove.---What is a ruined gamester?---An ideot---who begins for his amusement, who continues hoping to retrieve, and who is ruined before he can recollect himself---a wretch---deserted, solitary, forlorn---ashamed of society, yet miserable when alone---shunned by the prosperous---despised by the prudent---deservedly exposed to the poisoned shafts of insolence and envy---a by-word to the vulgar, and a jest to the fortunate---haunted by duns, preyed upon by usurers, persecuted and curst by creditors.---Inexplicable infatuation! [*Exit Sir Harry*]

S C E N E *another Apartment.*

Enter CLARA, MELISSA, and 'SQUIRE TURNBULL.

Melissa. Mr. Turnbull, I must beg, Sir, you'll desist---

Squire. Desist---why to be zure---I'll go and buy license out o' hand---make hay while the sun

do zhine---and don't lose the zheep for a ha'perth
o'tar---what tho'---the pepper-box must ha' a lid
---a bushel o' words wunt vill a basket---when the
owl goes a hunting, 'tis time to light the candle.

Clara. Ha! ha! ha!--If you'll permit me, my
dear, I think I can relieve you from this embar-
rassment.

Melissa. Permit you!--I am sure if you can,
you shall be canonized, and have churches
erected to your memory.

Clara. I'll talk to him in his own language---
he can comprehend no other.

'Squire. Well, vair Lady.

Clara. Well, Zir.

'Squire. You do zee how the nail do drive---Be
you to be one at bridal?

Clara. No.

'Squire. No!--Why zo?---you't be bride-
maid.

Clara. No but I wunt.

'Squire. Wunt you?

Clara. No---nor you't not be bridegroom
nother.

'Squire. No!

Clara. No.

'Squire. How zo!

Clara. Because you've zold the skin avore
you've catch'd the vox---You've reckon'd your
chickens bevore they be hatch'd

'Squire. Nay, nay---stop at the dike---zure,
I do knaw my own mind---an' Mifs be agreed.

Clara. But Mifs ben't agreed.

'Squire. No!--That's a good joke---but she
be tho'.

Clara. But she ben't tho'.

'Squire. But I'm zure she be.

Clara. But I'm zure she ben't.

'Squire.

'Squire. No!---Why Miss---ben't you agreed?

Melissa. No, Sir.

'Squire. (*astonished*) No!

Clara. You may gape, but the cherry won't drop---Too much mettle is dangerous in a blind horse---Misreckoning is no payment---John would a' wed, but Mary war na willing.

Melissa. You seem surprized, Sir---I can only say, it is without reason---You have deceived yourself, in supposing such an alliance possible, and I hope your own good sense will inform you that, after this declaration, any renewal of your addresses to me, must be considered an insult.

'Squire. (*Stares as if he did not comprehend her for some time*) An' zo then---the meaning of all this vine speech, I zuppose, is that you wunt ha' me?

Melissa. It is.

Clara. "Make hay while the zun do zhine---Don't lose the sheep for a ha'p'orth of tar---A bushel of words won't fill a basket---When the owl goes a hunting, 'tis time to light the candle"---Your most obedient, gentle 'Squire---ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Melissa and Clara.*]

Manet 'SQUIRE.

Zo then---It zeems I a been reckoning without my host here---Well---What tho'---zoon hot soon cold---soon got soon gone---Care's no cure---Zorrow won't pay a man's debts---He wanted a zinging bird, that gave a groat for a cuckoo---an' he that loses a wife and zixpence, has lost a refter---(*Enter Miss Turnbull.*) Why, Barbara! what be's the matter wi'thee? Where has thee been?

Miss

Miss Turnbull. Been !---Why I a bin wildered.

'Squire. What lost !

Miss Turnbull. Ees---an' if I had na' by good hap met wi' John, who has got direction in written hand, it were vive golden guineas to a brass varthin I'ad been kidnapp'd, an' zent to America, among the Turks.

'Squire. Zerve thee right---thee must be gadding---But I a' news vor thee---the cow 'as kick't down th' milk---It's all off 'tween Miss and I---

Miss Turnbull. Zure !---rabbit me an I didn't gues as much.

'Squire. Ees--the nail's clench'd---Zhe and I a' zhook hands an' parted.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious !---What won't yo' ha' zhe ?

'Squire. No---I wunt---Her may whistle, but I zhan't hear---her may beckon, but I zhan't come---Catch me an' ha' me, I'm no vool---Zo, do you zee, an' you be minded to wed, zay grace an' vall too, vor I don't like your London tricks, an' zo I'll leave it as vast as I can.

Miss Turnbull. An' when be I to be wed ?

'Squire. Why, I do vind Zir Hornet be come, zo, when yo' do zee Zir Harry, yo' may zettle't---An', d'ye hear, Barbara---Don't let me vind yo' at any o'these skittish off an' on freaks---I a' zeen too much on 'um lately---Oh, here be Sir Harry coming---An' zo I'll leave you to make love your own way---I'll not play my ace o'trumps out yet.---
[Exit 'Squire.]

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Harry. So---here's my good whimsical uncle's Nonpareil, as he calls her---his phoenix---All alone, Miss Turnbull ?

Miss

Miss *Turnbull*. Ees---Brother be just gone---
A's vallen out wi Miss, an a's plaguily frump'd.

Sir *Harry*. Sure!

Miss *Turnbull*. Ees---A zaid, too, at yo' an I
be to make love---

Sir *Harry*. He did!

Miss *Turnbull*. Ees---and I do knaw his tricks
---a'll be in a woundy rage, an I don't do as he
bids me.

Sir *Harry*. What, will he be furly?

Miss *Turnbull*. Zurly!---a'll snarl worfer than
our great dog Jowler at a beggar---

Sir *Harry*. He is ill tempered then?

Miss *Turnbull*. Oh, a'll zulk vor a vortnight
round---an' when a comes about again, a'll make
a believe to romp---an' then a' lumps---an'
gripes---an' pinches---till I am quite a weary
on't.

Sir *Harry*. Well you may, I think----Poor
thing (*aside*)---and which way are we to make
love?

Miss *Turnbull*. My gracious! don't you know?

Sir *Harry*. I believe I can give a guesf---You,
I suppose, are to hang down your head and titter.

Miss *Turnbull*. Ees---(*grins.*)

Sir *Harry*. I---hem---and look sheepish.

Miss *Turnbull*. Ees.

Sir *Harry*. You gnaw your apron---I twirl my
thumbs.

Miss *Turnbull*. He! he!---Ees.

Sir *Harry*. You say---it's a very fine day, Sir,
and I answer, Yes, Ma'am, only it rains.

Miss *Turnbull*. He! he! he!---Ees---iveck,
that be vor all the world the very moral of our
country vashion---Oh! but here be zomebody
coming---

Enter

Enter Sir HORNET, CLARA, and VANDERVELT.

Sir *Hornet*. Why, Harry, you dog, what have you hid yourself, because you would not see me?

Sir *Harry*. Dear Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you, but it is not a quarter of an hour since I heard of your being in town; and I suppose, Sir, you will scarcely be angry at finding me in this company——

(Vandervelt, Sir Harry, and Miss Turnbull, walk up the stage in conversation.)

Sir *Hornet*. Finding you in!---Zounds, what awkward cargo of rusticity has he got there? *(To Clara.)*

Clara. A young lady from Somersetshire, with a tolerable good fortune, that Sir Harry, it is thought by some, intends to marry.

Sir *Hornet*. Marry!---He should as soon marry the mummy of queen Semiramis.

Clara. She has been strongly recommended to the family, Sir.

Sir *Hornet*. Recommended!---By whom!

Clara. By one you are very intimate with, and who has very great influence with Sir Harry, as well as with yourself.

Sir *Hornet*. Ay!---Who is that?---

Clara. Pardon me there, Sir *Hornet*.

Sir *Hornet*. Certainly the fellow cannot be foolish enough to admire her---but I shall soon discover that, by what he thinks of you---harkee, Harry!

Sir *Harry*. Sir!

Sir *Hornet*. I cannot, upon the whole, tell very well what to make of you---Are you thoroughly convinced that you are, at this instant, legally capable of making your will?

Sir *Harry*. My will, Sir!

Sir

Sir *Hornet*. Ay---Are you of found mind?

Sir *Harry*. I believe so, Sir!

Sir *Hornet*. Then pray tell me, now we have you face to face, what is your opinion of Miss Turnbull?

Sir *Harry*. Sir!—That is by no means a question proper to be answered in this company.

Sir *Hornet*. Pshaw!—Damn your delicacy—Make your panegyric, and I'll blush for her and you too.

Sir *Harry*. (*Sbrugs up his shoulders.*) Sir, I have no panegyric to make.

Sir *Hornet*. Sir!

Sir *Harry*. Even so.

Sir *Hornet*. Why you impudent confounded—Have you the barefaced effrontery, with such a picture before your eyes, to—

Sir *Harry*. You have applied the torture, and my own ease requires confession.

Sir *Hornet*. Humph—And so you—Now pray all be attentive, for Bacon's brazen head is going to utter—So you do not think Miss Turnbull a most engaging—

Sir *Harry*. (*Smiles.*)

Sir *Hornet*. Why you intolerable—

Sir *Harry*. I am concerned to see you so serious on the subject—I must acknowledge, that in this case, Sir, I have either a most perverse or stupid imagination; and cannot, for the soul of me, discover the latent wonders in the young lady, which your better sight has so distinct a view of.

Sir *Hornet*. Ha!

Sir *Harry*. I am, however, exceedingly willing to try the utmost strength of my faith, to believe as much as I can, and take the rest for granted; provided you will not inflict the punishment of a wife upon my superstition.

I

Sir

Sir Hornet. Obliging youth! (*Bows*)—inflict the punishment of a wife upon your superstition—And so you think, no doubt, a wife a burthen, much too heavy for the back of so fine and pretty a town-made gentleman as yourself.

Sir Harry. With the addition of Miss Turnbull's accomplishments, I most undoubtedly do, Sir.

Sir Hornet. You do—humph—Pray, most civil Sir—permit me to ask—perhaps there may be some other lady, in this good company, to whom your profound penetration would give the preference.

Sir Harry. If such preference could, in the least make me deserving of her, I have no scruple to say there is.

Sir Hornet. Miracle of modesty!—there is.

Sir Harry. Most assuredly—But, tho' to possess the lady you hint at, would make me blest beyond description, I have never dared to declare so much before, because I am conscious of being unworthy of such a profusion of charms and accomplishments.

Clara. Generous diffidence! (*aside.*)

Sir Hornet. Charms and—What the devil is all this!—Where am I—at sea, or on shore—Have I a calenture in my brain, or is this my nose!—They—they call you Sir Harry Portland, don't they Sir?

Sir Harry. And your nephew, Sir.

Sir Hornet. No—that's rather dubious—Well then, Mr. Harry, or Sir Harry, or what you please—You are pretty well convinced, I suppose, that I HAVE had some slight regard for you.

Sir Harry. Perfectly, Sir, and remember it with gratitude.

Sir Hornet. That remains to be proved, friend—Ever since your father's death, if I don't mistake, I have been tolerably busy, a little active,
or

or so, in forming your mind and manners, and moulding you into a sort of being, a man might behold without blushing.

Sir Harry. It is impossible, Sir, I should ever forget your goodness, tho' I am happy to be reminded of it.

Sir Hornet. That's a lie, I believe—However, Sir—among the rest of my cares, I was anxious to find a woman worthy of you—Nay, so solicitous was I about adjusting preliminaries, that tho' the gout had laid an embargo upon a parcel of my fingers and toes, I resolved to forego my own ease, and set sail immediately, that I might convoy you safe into the harbour of happiness.

Sir Harry. I am very sensible of the benevolence of your intentions, Sir, and only wish you had done me the honour to—

Sir Hornet. Well, I have only a word or two more to say on the subject—I have been an enthusiastic old blockhead, 'tis true, and was fool enough to think all men had eyes; however, if you have not either the complaisance, the wit, or the love, to hit upon some expedient to make your peace with Miss Turnbull, I will never see, never know, never speak to you again—And now, Sir, you will act as your great wisdom shall direct.

Sir Harry. Indeed, Sir, I am distressed to see you so intent upon this business; I am exceedingly unhappy, to do the least thing to incur your displeasure—at this moment especially—I have a thousand reasons to be dissatisfied with myself, and am grieved to add your anger to the list—I would do any thing, in my power, to preserve your friendship and affection; but this is too severe a task—I cannot totally forget common sense—I cannot entirely command so delicate a passion, as that of love—A little time will dis-

cover, whether I am ever to think of love or happiness again!—Of this, however, I am certain---I never can possess either with Miss Turnbull--- [Exit Sir Harry.]

Sir Hornet. Indeed youngster! so resolute!

Clara. What a noble fortitude! (*aside*)

Sir Hornet. We shall see who will first read their recantation---An insensible blind puppy---I'll be a greater torment to him, than a beadle to a beggar---a cat to a rat---or a candle to a moth---I'll finge his wings---I'll plague him worse than Moses did the Egyptians.

Clara. Oh, Sir Hornet! you'll soon be of another opinion.

Sir Hornet. Never---never---never.----(*Enter Squire behind, unperceived.*) However, let him act as he will, Miss Turnbull shall have no cause to repent her coming to London.

Miss Turnbull. What! will yo' take me to zee the zights?

Squire. Who the devil bade that goose cackle?

Sir Hornet. A curst idiot---or I have no skill in physiognomy.

Squire. What, Barbara!---Ees---that her be---tho' no vooll, neather---her do know better than to thatch her house wi' pancakes.

Sir Hornet. Pshaw---Miss Turnbull! (*to Clara*)

Miss Turnbull. Ees---I be here.

Sir Hornet. Again!---(*takes Clara by the hand*) Give me leave, I say, dear Miss Turnbull, to---

Vandervelt. Hey! Sir Hornet!

Clara. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. Why!---what!---

Vandervelt. You don't take my turtle for Miss Turnbull, sure?

Sir

Sir Hornet. Your turtle!---I don't know what you mean by your turtle; but I take this young lady for Miss Turnbull, sure.

Vandervelt. You do!

Sir Hornet. Yes---I do.

Vandervelt. } Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Clara. }

Sir Hornet. Why---what the devil---hey---why sure---

Vandervelt. Ah! ha! ha! ha! ha!---This is a good joke.

Sir Hornet. A good joke!---Why, Madam---
'Squire---Zounds---

Vandervelt. Ah! ha! ha! ha! ha!---I would not have missed this for a thousand pounds in new coined guineas.

Sir Hornet. Mr. Turnbull---Sir---Is not this your sister, Sir?---

'Squire. Zister!

Sir Hornet. Yes.

'Squire. What thic!

Sir Hornet. Yes.

'Squire. Thic Barbara!

Sir Hornet. Zounds, yes, I tell you.

'Squire. Why no, to be zure---thic be Barbara.

Clara. Ha! ha! ha!

Vandervelt. Ha! ha! ha!---the biter bit---the fleerer fleer'd---ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Hornet. (*Whistles*) Thic be Barbara---

'Squire. Ees---Thic be Barbara---

Miss Turnbull. Ees---I be Barbara.

Vandervelt. Why, what a numskull your nephew is, Sir Hornet!

Sir Hornet. Do you think so?

Vandervelt. A blind, insensible puppy!

Sir Hornet. Is he?

Van-

Vandervelt. But you'll torment him---you'll finge his wings---you'll plague him worse than Moses did the Egyptians---What a discovery!

Sir Hornet. Oh, yes---I have made more discoveries!

Vandervelt. Ay, what are they?

Sir Hornet. Why the first is---You're an old fool---the next is---I am another---and the third is, that we are not the only two fools in company. [Exit, in a passion.

[Exeunt Clara and Vandervelt, laughing.

Manent 'SQUIRE and Miss TURNBULL.
(they stand some time.)

'Squire. Barbara.

Miss Turnbull. Ees.

'Squire. How does thee like London?

Miss Turnbull. I knaw not---It do zeem a strange place.

'Squire. A strange place?

Miss Turnbull. Ees---I do think it be.

'Squire. Thee dost.

Miss Turnbull. Ees.

'Squire. An' zo do I---whereby, dost zee, I'll get out on't as vast as I can---a pretty chace, as the man zaid that rode vifty miles a'ter a wild goose.---London!---an' this be London, the devil take London---come, pack up thy ribbands an' vlappets, an' make thy zel ready.

Miss Turnbull. Neea, zure---you wunt go zo zoon.

'Squire. Wunt I?---an' I stay in thic town to-night, I'll eat it vor breakfast to-morrow.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!

'Squire. Come, come---don't stand mauxing and dawdling, but make thyzel ready.

Miss

Miss Turnbull. Lord!---Why I a' zeen nothing yet.

'Squire. No---nor nothing thee zhalt zee---that I promise thee---zo stir thy stumps, I tell thee.

Miss Turnbull. My gracious!---Mun I go down into 't country again like a vool, an' ha' nothing to zay vor myzel?

'Squire. Why look thee, Barbara---come along---vor thee have come up like a vool, zo there can be no harm in thy going down like a vool.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT;

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Library in Sir HARRY's House.

Sir HARRY, and TIMID *discovered.*

Timid. I N D E E D, Sir, you have always been the best of masters to me.

Sir Harry. No, Timid, no---I have been a very weak, idle, fellow; and have put it out of my power to be a good master to any one.

Timid. Lackaday, Sir---don't say so---I am afraid I have been a bad servant---a very bad servant---

Sir Harry. Never---

Timid. Lackaday Sir, you don't know---you don't know---Lackaday, I thought all for the best---

Sir Harry. You have only done what I commanded.

Timid. To be sure, Sir---but, lackaday---I wish I durst open my mind to him---I am terrified---he will never believe me innocent. (*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. My ruin is all my own work---Here, Mr. Timid, take this ring and remember me---It may be the last present I shall ever make you.

Timid. Pray don't say so, Sir---I am terrified.

Sir Harry. I am going to Mr. Osborne's.

Timid. To Mr. Osborne's!

Sir Harry. Yes---If you should not see me to-morrow morning---if any accident should happen---

Timid. Lackaday!

Sir Harry. Give the state of my affairs, which I ordered you to draw up, to my uncle, and this picture to Clara, the young lady that is with him.

Timid. Sir! What do you mean?

Sir Harry. Oh, nothing, nothing---I'm not very well---I---a slight swimming in my head---that's all---but there is no knowing what may happen.

Timid. Lackaday, Sir, you terrify me---You talk like a dying man making his will.

Sir Harry. No, no,---not so---I have nothing to leave---And as to dying---men must die---live as long as they can, they must all die at last---

Timid. Shall I go for Sir Hornet, or your sister, or the young lady?

Sir Harry. No---no young ladies for---Oh!

Timid. Lackaday! my heart aches!

Sir Harry. I am going to Mr. Osborne's, presently.

Timid. Lackaday—I wish he knew—I'll take the mortgage of the Kentish estate—Mr. Osborne ordered me to bring it—I'll lay it open on Mr. Osborne's table—I hope my dear master will see it—I hope he will discover all. (*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. Heigho—

Timid. Dear Sir, don't sigh so—don't look so—tell me what I can do to serve you—to oblige you—to make you happier?

Sir Harry. Nothing---nothing---past hope---past cure---quite, quite—

Timid. Lackaday!

K

Sir

Sir Harry. A thoughtless---profligate---idle---dissipated fellow---Oh my head---my head---

Timid. I cannot bear to see him so---I'll hurry to Mr. Osborne's---I'll try if I can yet persuade him to be a true friend---I'll beg, I'll pray, I'll go down on my knees---I'll do any thing.

[*Exit Timid.*]

Sir Harry. Clara! an angel! a cherub! And what am I? Well, well, it will soon be all over---there will be a sudden stop---a speedy end---(*laughing without*) So happy---Heaven---Heaven increase your joys!--mine are for ever fled---light laughter, innocent smiles, and social mirth are fled for ever, for ever---Oh folly!--Oh madness!

[*Exit Sir Harry.*]

Enter Sir HORNET, VANDERVELT, and CLARA. (laughing.)

Sir Hornet. Ay, ay, pray laugh, laugh heartily, I beseech you---I deserve, and I desire no mercy.

Clara. It is one of the oddest adventures.

Vandervelt. How the deuce could you mistake that blowzabel, Miss Turnbull, for my turtle?

Sir Hornet. Why true, as you say, friend Van: but that happens to be a blunder which I never did, nor ever could make. I should as soon take myself for a king, or you for a conjuror. I only mistook this lady to be Miss Turnbull, not Miss Turnbull to be this lady.

Vandervelt. Mistook Miss Turnbull and this lady, and---I don't understand it.

Clara. Be kind enough, Sir Hornet, to explain the matter,

Sir Hornet. You remember, Madam, I had some conversation with you in the rooms at Bath.

Clara. Perfectly---

Sir

Sir Hornet. And you could not but perceive how forcibly I was struck with your wit, beauty, and accomplishments.

Clara. I recollect you were very polite, Sir, and were pleased to say abundance of obliging things.

Sir Hornet. Not half so many as I thought, I assure you, Madam.

Vandervelt. Well said, Sir Hornet—My old friend is quite enamoured with you, turtle.

Sir Hornet. Yes, Sir, so I am—though I do not intend to marry the lady.

Vandervelt. Hem!

Sir Hornet. My grand object, the thing that, of all others, I have most at heart, is to see my nephew, Sir Harry, happy—As for myself, I feel I am growing old apace, and am almost tired of the farce of life.

Vandervelt. Why so, Sir Hornet? I am sure you play your part excellently.

Sir Hornet. No, no—I am rolling down hill apace, and as the first steep declivity may precipitate me to the bottom, there are certain affairs I wish to see finished, one of which is the marriage of Sir Harry.

Clara. So the person you asked concerning me, when I went out of the rooms, mistook the question, and thought you meant Miss Turnbull?

Sir Hornet. So it appears, madam---And I was too much enraptured to stay to rectify mistakes---when I negotiated the affair with 'Squire Turnbull, I studiously avoided an interview with his supposed sister, for fear the business should wear a face of precipitate indelicacy.---And I thought if I could once bring you and Sir Harry together, I would leave the contingent possibilities to love, and the superior good qualities and penetration of the par-

ties, which I, rationally enough, concluded could not fail to produce the desired effect.

Clara. But, Sir Hornet, how did it happen that you did not enquire of me myself who I was?

Sir Hornet. Why faith, madam, I had been so particular with you, and had spoken so freely on the subjects of love and matrimony, that I was afraid, if I made those kind of enquiries, you would mistake the matter, perhaps, and think I wanted to make love to you in my own proper person. Hey, young Van—(*half aside.*)

Vandervelt. Heigho!

Clara. Oh! no, Sir Hornet---I assure you, I had a better opinion of your understanding.

Vandervelt. Hem!

Sir Hornet. Certainly, had I been capable of such a whim, I should have made myself curs'd ridiculous. Hey, young Van—(*half aside.*)

Clara. Beyond dispute!

Vandervelt. Heigho!

Enter TIMID, looking wild and frighted.

Sir Hornet. Heyday! What's the matter with you, old Lackaday?

Timid. I'm terrified---I'm terrified---I'm terrified!—

Sir Hornet. Terrified!---what's the matter?---Zounds! why don't you speak?

Timid. Lackaday---I can't---I can't speak.

Sir Hornet. Make signs then.

Timid. I'm a miserable old man---I ran all the way to tell you---

Sir Hornet. What?

Timid. Mr. Osborne!

Sir Hornet. Mr. Osborne! What of him?

Timid. Lackaday---Sir Harry!

Clara.

Clara. Heavens!--A duel.

Timid. I have put my trust in man, and am deceived---I have lean'd upon a reed, and am fallen---I have seen the shadow of friendship, and---

Sir Hornet. Curselight on your metaphors; come to facts---What of Osborne? What of Sir Harry? Where are they? What have they done? What are they doing?

Timid. Gambling!

Sir Hornet. How!

Timid. I was at Mr. Osborne's when Sir Harry came—I was there with the mortgage of the Kentish estate.

Sir Hornet. Of what?

Timid. It was executed this very day—I am a miserable old man—all lost!

Sir Hornet. Lost!

Timid. Lackaday! that's not all—I went into the next room, and heard Sir Harry go to gaming, with a gang of sharpers that were there on purpose—Sir Harry had lost every thing he had in the world—Mr. Osborne has got all—All the mortgages of all his estates—I saw 'em—left 'em all in a box on his table.

Sir Hornet. Mortgages of all his estates! Perdition!—How did he get them?—How came you to know?

Timid. Lackaday! I am terrified—I dare not tell—I am an accomplice!—A wicked, innocent, miserable old man.

Sir Hornet. Damnation! Order the coach there—I'll tear him to atoms—I'll rend him piecemeal—my poor boy—an intolerable villain!—Dear Madam, you don't know what I feel.

Clara. Pardon me, Sir Hornet, if you knew my heart, you would not say so—I detest the treachery of Mr. Osborne as much as you do; and, woman as I

am, would risk my life to see it properly punished.

Sir Hornet. A smooth tongued, hypocritical villain, that owes his life to my boy.

Clara. Dear Sir Hornet, excuse my weakness—I am in the utmost terror—in dread of consequences still more fatal.

Timid. Lackaday, Sir, so am I—I am terrified—Sir Harry gave me this ring for a remembrance, and bade me deliver this picture to you, Madam—

Clara. (*Looks at it, and bursts into tears.*)—It is his own—

Timid. He look'd so melancholy, and so furious—He had his pistols.

Clara. His pistols!—Oh for pity's sake, Sir Hornet, let us fly.

Sir Hornet. Instantly.

Timid. I'm a miserable old man. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Mr. OSBORNE'S House.

Sir Harry enters excessively agitated, followed by Osborne, with a brace of pistols he had wrested from him.

Osborne. How now, Sir Harry—What is the cause of this sudden phrenzy? Why expose your want of temper and fortitude thus to the company?—You have driven them away—they are all going—

Sir Harry. Oh! horror!

Osborne. If you must wreak vengeance on yourself, let it be a becoming one at least.

Sir Harry. Insupportable horror!

Osborne. Fie, fie, recover your temper—be, or seem to be a man—What—You knew you were ruined before this event.

Sir

Sir Harry. Oh, Osborne! Oh, Melissa! I cannot speak—I cannot utter it---I'm a wretch---a villain---the meanest---the worst of villains---and infamy---eternal infamy is mine.

Osborne. Why, what have you done?

Sir Harry. Ruined you---ruin'd my sister---

Osborne. How!

Sir Harry. And branded myself, everlastingly, a villain.

Osborne. Ruin'd me! ruin'd your sister! which way?

Sir Harry. The money I have lost within---

Osborne. Well.

Sir Harry. Is her's---Is your's.

Osborne. Mine!

Sir Harry. Melissa's---her fortune---She put it into my hand this very day---

Osborne. Damnation!

Sir Harry. Have compassion on me---give me the pistols, let me at once put an end to my misery and shame.

Osborne. Thoughtless, weak man! Do you think the momentary pang of death a sufficient punishment for the ruin and destruction you have entailed upon all those who have had the misfortune to love, or to be related to you? Do you think that to DIE, and to forget at once your infamy and crimes, is a compensation for the havoc you have made with the peace and property of those who were dearest to you, who must LIVE to feel the effect of your vices, and bear, unjustly, the reproach of your abandoned conduct---

Sir Harry. Oh torture!

Osborne. Was it not enough that you had reduced yourself, from affluence and honour, to contempt and beggary, but you must wantonly, wickedly, sport with what was not your own;
and

and involve the innocent and unborn in your wretchedness?---Shall not your sister's offspring, whom your intemperance shall have reduced to poverty and misery, detest your memory, and imprecate curses on your name?

Sir Harry. Oh hell!

(Sir Hornet speaks without, and afterwards enters, followed by Clara and Timid.)

Sir Hornet. Where are they? which is the room? So, Mr. Lucifer---Could you decoy your friend to no other place to rob him, but your own house?

Osborne. Did you address yourself to me, Sir Hornet.

Sir Hornet. Yes, I did, Sir Satan, and if---

Sir Harry. Dear Sir, forbear---I alone am the proper object of anger---of vengeance---a wretch--a despised and miserable outcast; and bitterness and despair are deservedly my portion.

Sir Hornet. You are a dupe---a poor fascinated fool---you have beheld the serpent's mouth open, have felt the influence of his poisonous breath, yet stupidly dropt into his ravenous jaws, and sung a requiem to your own destruction.

Osborne. You are liberal, Sir, of your epithets and accusations. What do you mean by them?

Sir Hornet. Horrible impudence! Have you not taken a vile, a rascally advantage of the want of temper in the man, for whom you profess the most perfect friendship? Have you not stripped him of his estate, by the most villainous arts, by plotting with Jews and scoundrels?

Osborne. You talk loud, Sir.

Sir Harry. Osborne! plotting! the letter then was true!

Sir

Sir Hornet. Yes, plotting!—He is the principal, the leader of the hellish gang that has been plundering you.

Osborne. Well, Sir!—suppose it—What then?

Sir Hornet. What then! Halts!—

Osborne. Why so, Sir!—He has persisted in bringing destruction upon himself, and must suffer the effects of his obstinacy—What crime was there in my receiving what he was resolved to throw away. He had not been a month returned from his travels, before his passion for play made him the jest of every polite sharper in town—They saw there was an estate to be scrambled for, and every one was industrious to obtain a share—After squandering a part of his fortune among these adventurers, he engaged at play with me, and after losing one sum, was never easy till he had lost another—Am I then to be accountable for his folly?

Sir Harry. Infernal treachery! Dares he avow it!

Osborne. Dare! Yes Sir—I dare.

Clara. Righteous heaven! Is there no peculiar, no quick vengeance for ingratitude? (*aside*)

Sir Hornet. The deeds, the annuities you have granted, the mortgages you have made, are in his possession—he owns—he has them all—

Sir Harry. He!

Osborne. Yes, Sir—I.

Sir Harry. Madness! remember and beware—remember and tremble, tho' I have no longer the fortune of Sir Harry Portland, I have still Harry's spirit, and dare chastise insolence and perfidy yet—

Osborne. No doubt—The man who is rash enough to risk his estate upon the chance of a die, has generally valour enough to wish to cut the winner's throat—Friendship is no protection.

Clara. Friendship! Monstrous prostitution! Friendship! Deeds Mr. Osborne are the best proofs

L

of

of friendship, and that preacher will gain but little credit, who is a detected villain, while he is describing the fitness and beauty of moral virtue.

Sir *Hornet*. Friendship! Where are the deeds, the mortgages?

Osborne. There they are, Sir—(*points to a box*) They are mine—the annuities he has granted, and the mortgages he has made are mine—his effects are mine—his houses are mine, his estates are mine, his notes are mine, his ALL is mine; except his poverty and spirit, which, as he says, are his own.

Sir *Harry*. Heavens! must I bear this?

Sir *Hornet*. Oh! for ratbane or hemp—

Osborne. Nay more, Sir (*to Sir Harry*) I was not only aware, but certain of my own superior address, or I had not been weak enough to have risked any part of my fortune—I have not yet acquired your heroic contempt for riches; as it was, I used every art to stimulate and incite you to play—took every advantage, studied every trick, improved every lucky chance, and rejoiced at every and all of your losses, 'till I had you totally in my power—I beheld distress accumulating on your head, and was happy at it; remarked the agitation of your mind, and increased it; saw the infirmity of your temper, and aggravated it.

Sir *Harry*. Damnation!—Are you a man?

Osborne. Try me.

Sir *Harry*. Dare you give me the satisfaction—the revenge of a man?

Osborne. I'll give it you instantly, Sir—

(*As Sir Harry offers to go, Osborne seizes his arm, and before he speaks, his countenance changes from assumed anger and contempt, to the most tender and expressive friendship.*)

There,

There, there lies your revenge---there is your satisfaction---take them---remember your former folly, and be happy---

Sir Harry. Sir!

Sir Hornet. What!

Clara. Astonishment!

Osborne. Why do you seem surprized?---my heart is your's, my life is your's---I owe you every thing---A debt which never can be repaid, and never will be forgotten.---When sinking beneath the murderous hand of villainy, it was the benevolent ardor of your soul, it was the intrepid valour of your arm that rescued me.

Sir Harry. Generous friend!

Osborne. In that box is contained all that I have ever won of you, and almost all you have ever lost---I have become an associate with sharpers to protect you from them, and by sacrificing a little, have preserved the rest. I have worn the mask till it is become too painful, and now gladly cast it off.---(*To Sir Hornet and company*) If my conduct has yet a dubious appearance---I have a witness that will instantly be credited. (*Goes to the chamber door and calls Melissa; Melissa enters, runs to Sir Harry, and falls upon his neck.*)

Melissa. My brother!

Sir Harry. Sister! Osborne!

Clara. Oh my heart!

Sir Hornet. (*after a pause, and endeavouring to restrain his tears*) Tol der rol.

Timid. Lackaday!---I'm a happy old man!---He's a true friend!---he's a true friend!---I'm a happy old man!

Sir Harry. Can you too, sister, forgive my folly? You that I have injured so unpardonably?

Melissa. Dear brother, you are not so guilty as you suppose---it was a plot upon you; you were

led into it, to shew you what a losing gamester is capable of?

Sir Hornet. Hark you, Sir? (*to Osborne*) All the mortgages and deeds are there, you say?

Osborne. All, Sir---together with whatever money else has, at any time, been won of him, since I have been concerned in this transaction.

Sir Hornet. All in that box?

Osborne. All.

Timid. I'm a happy old man.

Sir Harry. My dear uncle

Sir Hornet. Let me alone—Tol der rol—(*Goes up to Osborne, takes his hand, and wipes his own eyes*) Will you forgive me, Osborne? Will you? Will you forgive my boy?

Sir Harry. (*Takes Osborne's other hand*) Osborne! —I cannot speak—

Clara. Indeed, Mr. Osborne, I don't know how to tell you what I think—Esteem—admiration—veneration—are poor expressions to convey my feelings---I have been mistaken and to blame---I trembled for Sir Harry, I rashly condemned you, and wrote a letter—

Sir Harry. Dear Madam, was that letter your's?

Clara. It was.

Sir Harry. How much obliged am I to you, and to you all.

Clara. I am sorry, I was to blame.

Osborne. Nay, Madam---Nobody was to blame ---Angels are actuated by motives like your's, and if they never err, it is because they have commerce with angels only.---And now, dear Harry, suffer me to say one word---Let this transaction be a powerful, an everlasting memento to you.---Remember the blood that has been spilt in the moment of passion and distress, in consequence of indulging in this shocking vice---Remember the

the distracted wife, and widow's curse, the orphans tears, the sting of desperation, and the red and impious hand of suicide; despise the folly that made the practice fashionable; oppose its destructive course, and for ever shun, for ever abominate, the detestable vice of gaming.

Sir Harry. Professions of resolution, from me, Osborne, come with an ill grace---I am ashamed of my folly---I despis'd, even while I practis'd it; but the punishment you have inflicted, has been so judicious, so severely generous, I think I can safely say, there is no probability of a relapse.

Sir Hornet. Well, but Harry, turn about---look at this lady---surely you have not forgot Miss Turnbull---have you?

Sir Harry. Your Miss Turnbull, Sir, I shall never forget.

Sir Hornet. Oh! what you have heard the renowned history of my Bath adventure?

Sir Harry. I have, Sir.

Sir Hornet. Well, and what say you to---hey my cherub---you told me, you know, you had no aversion to the fellow.

Clara. Nay, Sir Hornet, is that the part of a confidante?

Sir Hornet. Why, yes, it is---for, as I take it, a confidante is but a kind of a go-between to bring the parties together---And here comes the blooming youth---(*Enter Vandervelt*) here comes Johannes de Temporibus to second the motion.

Vandervelt. To second what motion, Sir Hornet?

Sir Hornet. A hymeneal motion.

Vandervelt. Can't tell---who are the candidates?

Sir

Sir Hornet. Harry Portland and Clara Forester.

Vandervelt. Hold, hold, Sir Hornet, not so fast!---That lady is my ward.

Sir Hornet. Yes, and may, if she pleases, be your wife.

Vandervelt. Nay---I--I did not say so, Sir Hornet.

Sir Hornet. No, but I did, young Van---but hark you---(*takes him aside*) Resign all your silly pretensions peaceably, throw your worthies into the fire, and give up the lady to her lover; or you shall be held up, in terrorem, an object of ridicule, to frighten all the dangling, whining, old fools in christendom, who are turned of three-score.

Vandervelt. Well, well, speak in a lower key.

Sir Hornet. May I be certain of your consent then?

Vandervelt. Why, yes---yes---heigho:--

Sir Hornet. Dear Madam---this worthy old Gentleman, your guardian, most humbly implores you would have pity upon Sir Harry.

Clara. Did you say so, papa?

Vandervelt. Me! no--

Sir Hornet. How?

Vandervelt. N--- not in those exact words, but something very like it, Turtle---heigho!--

Melissa. Come, my dear Clara---Let me have the happiness to call you sister--

Osborne. Let me intercede, Madam.

Clara. Pshaw---here is every body interceding, but him that can intercede most to the purpose.

Sir Harry. Forgive me, dearest Clara---My fate is suspended on your lips, and I am so conscious of unworthiness, and so much affected by the fear of a severe sentence, that I have not power to plead for mercy.

Clara. Yes—but you have a partial, tender-hearted judge.

Sir Hornet. Ay—"and a wise young judge" too—

Clara. Well, well!—I cannot dissemble. A generous heart, a noble mind, are seldom met and seldom merited. When happiness like this presents itself, to reject is not to deserve it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

INFORM me, you, at whom he seems to write,
Don't this man's insolence your spleen excite?
Give the beau-monde impertinent advice!
Proscribe *VINO ET UNUS*—prohibit box and dice!
Tell you of honour, infamy, undoing,
And—impudently preach you out of ruin?
Are cards and dice fit subjects for his fables?—(laughs)
He'd better write a tragedy on E. O. tables?

And why, with so much rudeness and ill-nature,
'Gainst *PRIVATE* vice urge acrimonious satire,
Since legal lotteries flourish every year,
And peers and pedlars run the mad career
Of public ruin, in its full extent,
And beggars game—BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT!

Nay, once in seven years, in full perfection,
Is play'd a game more desp'rate, call'd, "ELECTION!"
When each grave senator the cause promotes,
And throws the main with—cogg'd and loaded votes;
When honour, conscience, justice, law, religion,
Are ev'ry one, by turns, the plunder'd pigeon!

But wherefore rail at games in any station?
Life is, itself, a game at calculation,
In which Dame Fortune gains but little thanks,
For each man swears his prizes are all blanks.

So when your am'rous lover draws for wife,
And wit and beauty link with him for life,
Tho' twice ten thousand vows of love were paid,
To gain the charming!—dear!—angelic maid!—
Tho' constancy and raptures were the theme!—
Let but possession chace the honey'd dream,
His bouncing passion bursts like bonfire squib,
And wit and beauty form—A CROOKED RIB!
The lordly husband takes a different tone,
When once sweet Miss becomes "bone of his bone!"
The tender epithet, the dying leer **4 AP 54**
Are chang'd to—"Damme, Madam, can't you hear?"

For these, poor authors, who their pens employ
To write down pleasures which they can't enjoy,
You, against whom they aim their boldest strokes,
Have too much *NONCHALANCE* to mind their jokes;
You find them soporifics, quite composing,
For all the while they're preaching, you are dozing.

Our bard, who full of antiquated notions,
Intends to cure the world by scenic potions,
Gravely resolves to set the nation right,
If your applause should crown his hopes to night.

